The Outlook

Vol. 64 February 3, 1900 No. 5

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The Boer War 231a
The Emperor of China 233a
The Assumptionists 234a
The Philippines 234a
The Bubonic Plague 235a
The Roberts Case 235a
The Week in Congress 236a
The Kentucky Crisis 237a
Mr. Payn's Successor 237a
The New York Canals 238a
The Fitchburg Lease 239
Barnard and Mount Holyoke 240

EDITORIALS:

A Revival of Intolerance 242
Taxation of Mortgages 243
Self-Government in the Colonies 244
Consular Reforms 245
The Cuban Relief Fund 247
A Notable Conference 247

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Fight at Magersfontein 249
By James Barnes, Special Correspondent of The Outlook in South Africa

James Martineau 259
By Edward Everett Hale

Washington's Birthday, 1800-1900 265
By Frank W. Crane

Secretary of State John Hay 274
Picture and Sketch

The Village of Jean François Millet 274
By Clifton Johnson

Edwin Lawrence Godkin 285
Picture and Sketch

William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man. Part II.—Birth and Breeding. 287
By Hamilton W. Mabie

Christ's Laws of Life: Hopefulness 298
By Lyman Abbott

America's Working People: X.—The Mormons 305
By Charles B. Spahr

The Three Master Tradesmen 317
By Seumas McManus

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE 321

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 324

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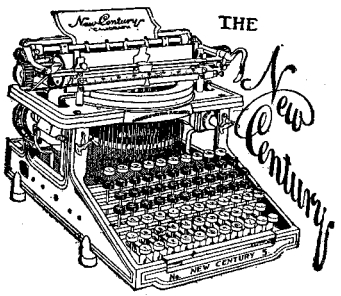

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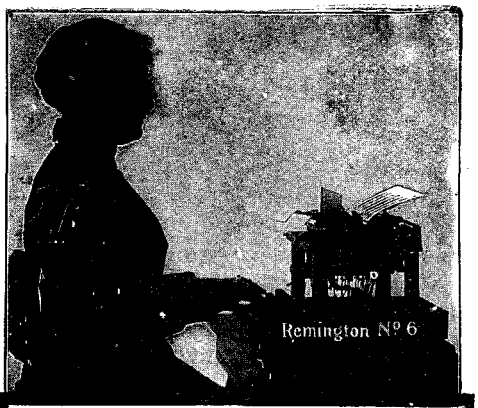

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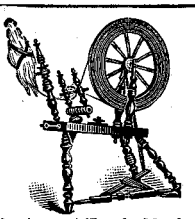

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 64 February 3, 1900 No. 5

The Boer War: Spion Kop

By Sunday of last week General Warren, the senior officer under General Buller, British Commander-in-Chief in Natal, had seized and was in possession of the southern crests of the high tableland extending north of the Tugela River. Further west these crests become mountain spurs, and finally the Drakensberg range, forming the boundary between Natal and the Orange Free State. During his four or five days north of the Tugela, General Warren was in close contact with the Boers under General Joubert, their Commander-in-Chief, assisted by Generals Botha and Cronje. The Boers held a strong position on a range of kopjes, or little isolated hills, and on the larger kops stretching from southeast to northwest, thus preventing the British from reaching Ladysmith. Among these latter was Spion Kop, which General Buller calls "a large hill, indeed a mountain, and evidently the key of the Boer position;" hence it was not an unnatural supposition that British artillery from a dominant height might sweep the Boer intrenchments. On Tuesday of last week, acting under General Buller's orders, General Warren attacked Spion Kop. The British soldiers fought with great gallantry, won the summit, intrenched it, and, for at least twenty-four hours, held it bravely against a withering fire, not only from Boer rifles, but also of lyddite and shrapnel from field-guns. As these guns were planted on kops hitherto apparently unknown to the British and commanding Spion Kop, the range had probably long been fixed to a nicety; at all events, the shells were unerringly directed against the British infantry, who were chagrined to find themselves unaided by their artillery. It had been found almost impossible to drag the artillery up the steep southern slope. The British were also surprised to find the hill more accessible from the north than from the south, and their enemy gradually invested it. Thus the whole affair seems another and more gigantic Boer trap, like those which worked so well at Nicholson's Nek and at Stormberg. After a vain resistance the British abandoned the kop, a hundred and fifty men surrendering. General Buller's report, however, would indicate that the retirement was voluntary; he does not mention the Boer investment, giving as reasons for the retreat that "the perimeter of the hill was too large, and that water, which General Warren had been led to believe existed, in this extraordinarily dry season was found to be very deficient." Boer accounts state that the British left fifteen hundred dead upon Spion Kop; it is assumed, however, that this number may include both dead and wounded.

❀

The British Retreat

The Boer advance continued, and, under the resistless fire from their Mausers, two kopjes were captured from the British, who were ultimately driven back to the Tugela. The retirement of the British forces across that river, however, was accomplished without the loss of a man or a pound of stores. These circumstances, so General Buller claims, with a braggadocio which would smack of comic opera were it not so pitiful, "is proof that the enemy has been taught to respect our soldiers' fighting powers." Though the ford where the crossing took place is known as Trichard's Drift, the river is nearly a hundred yards wide there, and flows in a swift current between banks twenty feet high. Trichard's Drift is six miles west of Potgieter's Drift, where Lord Dundonald's cavalry had crossed the week before on the way to their dashing advance upon Acton Homes. As yet it is not

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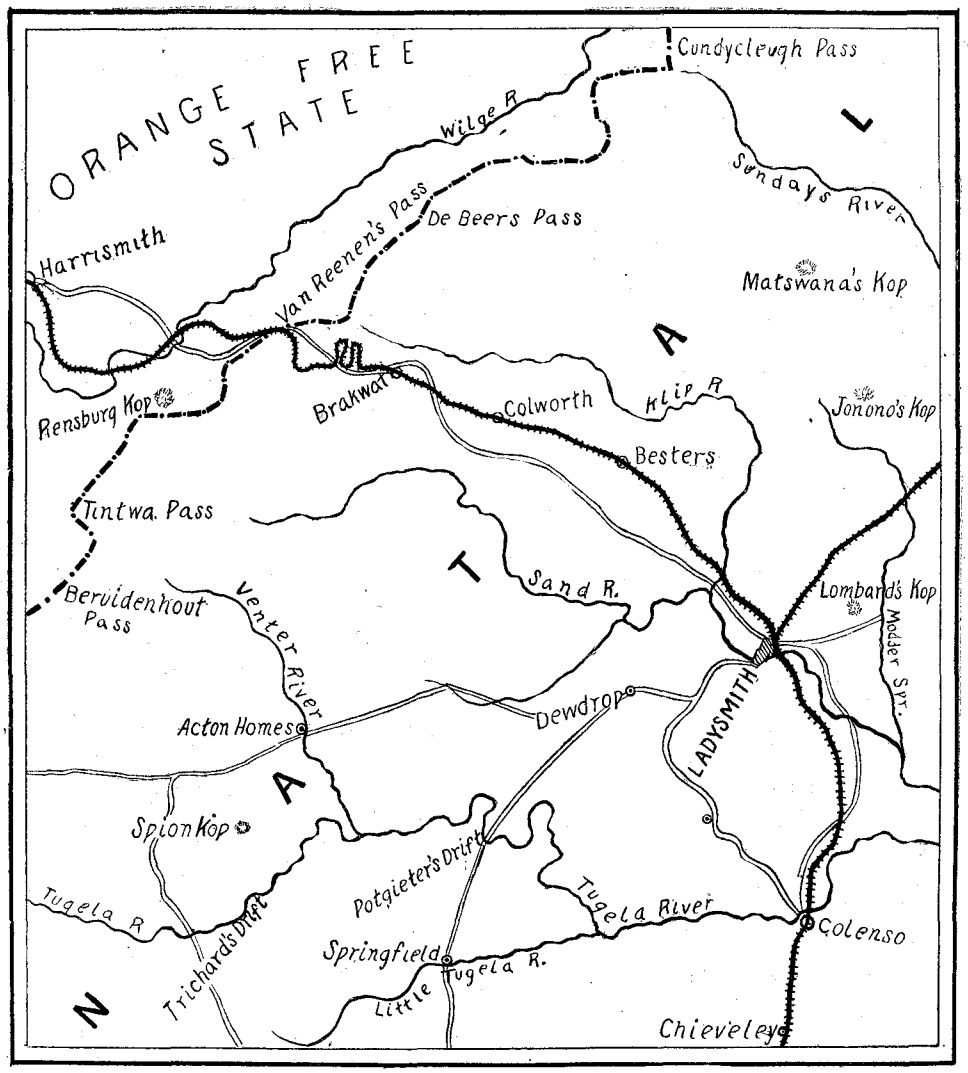

known whether or not Lord Dundonald's force has recrossed the Tugela. Concerning these uncertainties the British War Office censorship has discreetly delayed despatches, as is its right and duty to do, especially in connection with so vital a matter as a retreat. It may have been, then, either accident or design which made General Buller's despatches sufficiently obscure to prevent any accurate judgment of the extent of his proposed turning movement. We know now that it has failed, and that the Commander-in-Chief in Natal seems reduced to the conditions which obtained at Chieveley and Colenso several weeks ago. Up to Tuesday morning of this week there had been no official statement as to British losses at Spion Kop. General Buller reports that forty-six officers were killed, wounded, or missing on January 24 alone at Spion Kop. This is thought to indicate a total casualty list of at least eight hundred, probably more. Despite a characteristically calm determination to retrieve every disaster, the effect of this fiasco has been particularly discouraging, as the movement was deliberately planned and executed. The British everywhere now realize that not only was General Warren unable to get sufficiently to the west to insure the success of a flanking turn, but that at every point in South Africa the British forces are apparently positively checked.

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Pessimism and Optimism Last week, speaking at Forfar, Mr. John Morley trenchantly indicted the present English Government, although he admitted that the Boer ultimatum made it necessary to vindicate the Queen's authority in her dominions. That ultimatum, however, did not, he said, remove the complex question which led to its delivery. Mr. Morley declared that the want of foresight and information concerning the Transvaal had led the Government to stumble into war. He believed that the Boers had also stumbled into war, but that did not excuse Great Britain. He attacked the Ministers for allowing themselves to drift or to be dragged into a policy that made war certain. The language used in Parliament, and in Sir Alfred Milner's despatches, meant war or nothing; and over all was the trail of finance. There had been a conspiracy of gold-hunters, some foreign and some British, a sordid plot against the peace of South Africa at the expense of the fame and strength of the British Empire. It was maddening to think that the well-intentioned people of Great Britain should be dupes in stock-jobbing maneuvers, a mere game of bulls and bears. Even if it were true that there had also been a Boer conspiracy, was it creditable that such a peril would vanish by a mere reform of the franchise? Mr. Morley took a gloomy view of the future. He declared that much had been said of putting hand to plow and not turning back, but, he asked, what seeds are being planted in the furrow? what crop are the British scattering? Tares, and a crop of tares. Great Britain not only faced the problem of the future appeasement of South Africa, but she might be called upon to face dangers in other quarters where the war had kindled passions and resentments. Suppose there were another Peace Conference at The Hague, the most polite diplomatist would burst out laughing if the British Ambassador appeared. Finally, Mr. Morley asked whether the men who had promised to be in Pretoria on Christmas Day, or the men who warned the British to look out where they were going, were the patriots. Another Liberal statesman, Lord Rosebery, speaking at Chatham, took a different view. He declared that Great Britain was striking the balance of the evils undergone and the good derived; he did not think that the balance was much against his country. He asserted that party politics had disappeared absolutely in the passionate resolve to pour out the last man and the last shilling for Great Britain in her hour of need. This test of character would alone counterbalance British losses. "Whatever foreigners may say, they have not got to the bottom of Old England yet." Lord Rosebery justly added that the war will be cheap if it teaches the nation the necessity of placing things on a scientific and methodical basis. "It must," he said, "set to work and put the Empire on a business footing, and strive to make it realize the British ideal of an Empire, without menace, without oppression—a model State ruled by model institutions and inhabited by a model race."

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The Emperor of China Abut a year and a half ago it became known that, by a sudden stroke of state, the Empress-Dowager of China had assumed the supreme imperial authority. Apart from Li Hung Chang, the Empress is the most remarkable personage in that country, but she was never really Empress, nor even Imperial Consort; she was the concubine of Hien Feng, the Chinese Emperor who in 1860 fled from Peking on the arrival of the Anglo-French troops. As the mother of Hien Feng's heir, Ting Chi, however, she took the title of Empress. There is no law of hereditary succession to the Chinese throne, but each ruler is expected to appoint his successor from the members of the younger generations of his own family. Ting Chi was followed by Kwang Su, a weak candidate really chosen by the Empress. Her power now grew so rapidly that in 1898 not only the higher officials but the Emperor himself "kotowed" or paid reverence to this vigorous if venerable lady. But she was not entirely satisfied. Within a twelvemonth it was evident that, further to strengthen her power, she was preparing the way for the dethronement of Kwang Su. Later the Emperor was reported to be strangely ill. Now we learn that an edict has just been published to the effect that, as he is unable to conduct the business of state, owing to his poor health, he appoints Pu

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Chun his heir. This is accepted in China and elsewhere as tantamount to an abdication; but Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister in Washington, says that the designation of an heir apparent is not surprising, such an event always occurring when the Emperor is ill or otherwise incapacitated. The forthcoming tenth Emperor of the Manchu dynasty (which has now reigned two hundred and fifty years) is a young boy, a son of Prince Tuan, who was a son of the Emperor Hien Feng. Like his predecessors, Pu Chun will probably be only a tool in the hands of the Empress. Throughout all the changes of the past forty years she has been the real power behind the throne and the real ruler of China. It is not difficult, however, in her latest move to see another and a greater power behind the throne—Russia, which for the present finds it convenient to further the Empress-Dowager's intrenchment against both Chinese progressives and foreign reformers.

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The Assumptionists The trial before the Correctional Tribunal of Paris of twelve Assumptionist Fathers resulted last week in the dissolution by the Court of their order. In presenting his charges the Public Prosecutor said that the Assumptionists had long been living in France without any authorization from the Government, and that they were involved in the recent royalist and anti-republican conspiracies. Father Picard, Superior of the Order, denied that he belonged to an illegal association, and declared that he had taken no part in political agitation. This is refreshing, from the head of an order which controls "La Croix," a journal circulated everywhere, with its creed, "Down with Jews, Protestants, and Traitors"—the implication being that these terms are interchangeable. The Assumptionist order is but one of several reactionary Roman Catholic associations; their influence is an evil one politically, and the present Government is acting within its right in endeavoring to check demoralization. Such an endeavor is not to be confused with the Socialist desire to decatholicize France. As a check to the political power exercised by Jesuit military schools, however, the Government has taken the commendable step of insisting that every candidate admitted to the National military academies shall have received his education in the National *lycées* of the Republic. A non-republican propaganda was first introduced into the army from the Jesuit schools. That propaganda was proclaimed from Assumptionist-controlled pulpits, but it is far from representing the Roman Catholic Church as Leo XIII. would have it. The monstrous travesty of justice at Rennes, by which an innocent man was condemned, is connected with certain Roman Catholic associations like the Assumptionists, not with the Roman Catholic Church as a whole. Now that the religious orders have had fair warning not to meddle in politics, we may expect smoother sailing for the French ship of state. Perhaps this is already somewhat assured by the result of the elections held on Sunday of this week, in which the so-called "Nationalists" secured only three out of ninety-nine Senatorial seats. General Mercier was elected from a strongly Royalist department, but M. Cavaignac suffered a notable defeat. The political character of the Senate is not greatly changed.

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The Philippines General Kobbe's expedition intended to open the hemp ports has occupied several places on Catanduanos Island, meeting with resistance only at Legaspi, where five of our soldiers were wounded, and forty-five of the insurgents killed and fifteen wounded. The islands of Samar and Leyte will next be occupied. About 200,000 bales of hemp were found in Catanduanos. General Otis also reports that the western coast of the island of Panay is now open for trade, and that the Laguna de Bay coast soon will be. The injury to commerce through the closing of the hemp trade and the failure of the Filipinos to raise hemp for the past two years has been a matter of serious consequence, as the world almost depends for its first-quality cordage on the Philippines. A surreptitious trade has been going on with some of the ports, and charges of official corruption in this direction are being made by newspaper correspondents. There are said to be nearly a hundred and fifty hemp ports in the archipelago. In the southern part of Luzon the campaign

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continues to be active. Santa Cruz, an important place, has been occupied without serious resistance; engagements of a minor kind and with small loss on our side have been numerous, chiefly under the direction of General Schwan; the most important of these was on January 20, when General Schwan, in a two hours' fight, defeated the largest insurgent force in that part of the island, killing eighty-two and wounding many, and, it is thought, "breaking the backbone" of the insurgent power in South Luzon; many hundreds (perhaps 2,000 in all) of Spanish prisoners to the Filipinos have been released; and the insurgents have been pretty generally broken up into small bands. North of Manila, General Young's division has encountered General Tinio's forces and driven them back with heavy loss on their part and little or none on ours.

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The Bubonic Plague The situation at Honolulu, as reported by the latest steamer, is becoming somewhat serious. Up to the middle of this month there had been thirty-nine cases of the plague, with twenty-nine deaths; of the deaths only one was that of a white person, and only half a dozen whites have been ill with the dreaded disease. The town of Hilo has established a quarantine against Honolulu; armed mobs refuse to allow passengers or freight to be landed. The Honolulu Board of Health has had ten blocks of buildings burned in the Chinese quarters, and important sanitary improvements, much needed, are now under way. Every effort will be made to prevent the plague from obtaining a foothold in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco or other Pacific ports. The greatest danger for this country lies in that possibility. Dr. Wyman, supervising Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, in a report on the bubonic plague lately submitted, says that the epidemic is surely though slowly extending, and that now, for the first time in history, it has invaded the Western Hemisphere. Dr. Wyman traces the history of the disease from the reign of the most ancient Egyptian kings. In regard to the present epidemic he says that it appeared first in 1893 in Tonkin and Hong-Kong. He thinks that one cause of the disease in the East is inefficient feeding. With regard to possible danger in the United States, he says:

> In the light of experience in other parts of the world, and with even a cursory study of the sanitary conditions obtaining in the places infected with plague, it seems reasonable to believe that, even were the disease introduced, its spread would be very limited in cities where the sanitary conditions are good and where precautions as to the isolation of patients and the segregation of those exposed to infection could and would be practiced. Cases in Vienna, resulting from accidental inoculation while studying the disease in one of the laboratories, were controlled, and were limited to the two original victims and a physician and nurse who ministered to them. The same may be recorded of a case introduced into Trieste, Austria. No spread of the disease followed. With the rigid application of the ordinary principles of sanitary science and with the means now at our disposal for the prophylaxis and cure of the malady, it seems extremely doubtful if the plague will ever secure a decided foothold in the United States.

In this connection it must be noted that the famine in India continues to increase, and that a really frightful condition exists in many provinces, while the plague still continues its ravages, and drought is making the situation worse. Nearly three million people are now employed by the Government on relief works, and still the suffering is enormous. Contributions to the relief fund may be sent directly to the Treasurer of the American Board, Mr. F. H. Wiggin, 14 Beekman Street, Boston.

❀

The Roberts Case The action of the House of Representatives, in refusing, by a majority of 268 to 50, to allow Mr. Roberts, the polygamist from Utah, a seat in the House, is important both from a moral and a Constitutional point of view. Morally it is important primarily because it reveals the popular condemnation of polygamy. But it has a deeper moral significance than that, since it both indicates the force of public conscience in a democracy, and the fact that a clearly recognized attack on the home, as based on the marriage of one man to one woman, arouses that conscience as perhaps nothing else could do. It is said that the sentiment of the House was practically unanimous against allowing the polygamist to occupy his seat, the only question between the majority and the minority being whether he should be excluded at

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the outset or admitted and afterward expelled. The Constitutional grounds on which each position was defended we stated last week, and we do not need to restate them here. It is not at all a question between sentiment and reason, as some rather hysterical journals have represented it; it is a serious question in Constitutional law, on which eminent lawyers were divided in opinion; and, in our judgment, the country is to be congratulated at so decisive a majority in favor of what we regard as the right side of this question, which is far from a merely technical one. It is really the question whether the Nation, as a Nation, through its properly constituted representatives, has a right to veto the election of an improper member by a special Congressional District. The Outlook believes that the Constitution confers this veto power on the Nation, and does so in explicit terms; we have maintained this view ever since the question first arose; we thought that the Anti-Roberts Committee made a mistake in abandoning the endeavor to exclude him from the House and substituting an endeavor to expel him; and we are naturally rejoiced to find our view sustained by so overwhelming a majority. The decision of the House is a decisive affirmation of the principle of Nationality, as against the notion of the absolute and unqualified supremacy of the State, because it affirms the right of the Nation to overrule the State in the election of its own Representative, in certain clear cases; and we believe this decision is scarcely less important than the National condemnation of the attempt to secure a quasi-acquiescence in polygamy from the Nation's Representatives. The decision must be regarded as scarcely less final than a decision on any question of Constitutional law by the Supreme Court of the United States; it followed a very careful and a very able argument, in which both sides were presented with great forcefulness; and it is an indication of that tendency toward National unity and National sovereignty which we believe to be thoroughly in harmony with the best interests of the people, and in the direction of the best future for the country. It is understood that Mr. Roberts will make no further effort to enforce his claim to a seat in Congress.

The Week in Congress Apart from the Roberts case, the most interesting developments in Congress last week related to the Nicaragua Canal and the policy to be pursued toward Puerto Rico. As to the Nicaragua Canal, a more conservative tendency was shown. The House bill has been modified in committee so as to authorize an appropriation of only $10,000,000 the present year toward the construction of the canal; but the bill still authorizes contracts to be made for the completion of the canal for $140,000,000. If contractors can be found who will agree to complete the canal within the estimate of the Walker Commission, the amended bill would necessitate from future Congresses the same appropriation as was at first asked from the present Congress. But if no such contracts can be made, the amended bill makes it easier for the Nation to modify its plans if the new Commission reports that the Panama Canal is likely to be completed without Government aid. While more conservative than the original measure, the amended bill is still almost reckless in some of its aspects, and may involve serious diplomatic as well as financial difficulties. The relations with Great Britain growing out of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, by which we promised never to "obtain or maintain any exclusive control over the said ship canal," are still unadjusted, and are likely to prove troublesome if Congress favors the demand that the canal be made a fortified work of the United States. Chairman Burton, of the River and Harbor Committee, made a telling point when he said: "We are now asking for an assurance from foreign powers for an 'open door' in China. Is it quite consistent for us to ask assurance of equality from them there, yet seek exclusive rights in so important a channel as that which will connect the two great oceans?" In regard to Puerto Rico, the Republican Senators have apparently reached the decision not to establish a Territorial government nor grant free trade to Puerto Rican products until the Supreme Court determines the status of the island. The opposition to free trade with Puerto Rico came largely from protectionists whose constituents are interested in sugar, tobacco, and tropical fruits, but many free-traders also are opposed to free trade limited to Puerto

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Rico, because the island is too small for Puerto Rican products to lessen prices in our market. So long as our market demands millions of dollars' worth of taxed sugar, tobacco, etc., the price of all sugar here must be the world's price plus the tax we impose. To remit the duty on Puerto Rican sugar, it is argued, will have precisely the same effect that the remission of the duty on Hawaiian sugar has had. It will cause a loss of revenue to the Government, with the sole result of enriching the island planters by enabling them to add the amount of the tax to the price they receive.

❀

The Kentucky Crisis When the Democratic State Board of Canvassers in Kentucky decided that it had no power to go behind the returns of the county boards, and thereupon issued certificates of election to the Republican candidates for all the State offices, it was hoped that the struggle against Goebel and Goebelism had ended in victory. It was known, of course, that the Legislature —a Democratic body—had power to go behind all the returns and unseat the Republican Governor, but the fact that several Democratic legislators had been in sympathy with the independent Democratic candidate, Brown, as against the regular candidate, Goebel, and the fact that further wrangling would keep alive the division in the Democratic party, were taken as evidence that Governor Taylor would be allowed to keep his seat. This view has proved a mistaken one. The Goebel faction has asserted that its own interests were the interests of its party, and in the name of the party has called upon the Legislature to review the election. In each house a committee of eleven was drawn by lot to try the contests, and the lots so fell that the Democrats obtained nine members in one house and ten in the other. As the Democrats number hardly two-thirds of the legislators, suspicion was aroused by this result—a suspicion which was not entirely allayed by the fact that the Republicans obtained four of the five members of the committee to investigate the contests for seats in the House of Representatives. The test vote taken last week in one of the legislative contests indicates that nearly all the Democrats will vote with their party upon the ultimate question of unseating Taylor. Unfortunately for the Republicans, a thousand mountaineers were brought down to Frankfort and camped about the State House at the time the test vote was to be taken. The fact that these mountaineers were alleged to have been brought by the Louisville and Nashville road, against which Mr. Goebel conducted an aggressive campaign, and the fact that the crowd disgraced itself by drunkenness, and issued a manifesto to the Legislature which seemed to threaten violence, combined to alienate sympathy from the Republicans and make the Democrats stand for law and order. Some conservative papers, it is true, expressed sympathy with the mob, but the general public felt that the apparent injustice of the expected decision of the Legislature no more justified an appeal to force than would the apparent injustice of a decision of a court. The more clear-sighted Republican leaders persuaded the mob to return to their homes and trust, for the present at least, to more pacific methods. These leaders, however, it is credibly reported, intend to appeal to the Federal courts against the apparently inevitable decision of the State Legislature, and some of them even purpose to organize a rump Legislature, composed of Republicans, and call upon Governor Taylor to use the militia to keep the Republican office-holders from being ejected. On both sides, therefore, the bitterness of feeling is resulting in the use of desperate tactics. Each side feels that it is fighting for party success next November, and neither side seems to realize that its own excesses will be the most powerful factor on the side of its opponents.

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Mr. Payn's Successor The conflict between Governor Roosevelt and the Republican machine in this State over the question of the retention of Mr. Payn as State Superintendent of Insurance is a matter of general interest because it presents a significant phase in the struggle on the part of the people of this country to recover political independence. The appointment of Mr. Payn by Governor Black was regarded throughout the State by men of all parties as one

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of the most offensive acts against good morals and sound government that the Executive of the State could have committed. Mr. Payn's term of office expires early in the present month; his calm announcement that he proposed to stay in office in spite of the Governor, relying on the aid of Mr. Platt to keep him there by making it impossible to secure confirmation for his successor, was one of the greatest pieces of political impudence in the history of the country. No act of an oligarchy was ever more subservient of all true democratic principles, and no political organization ever took a position more insulting to the intelligence of the people of the State than that which Mr. Payn assumed that the Republican organization would take. Messrs. Platt and Payn have, however, failed in their attempt to manage the Governor as they manage the Republican party. Mr. Payn will retire; and before this paper is in the hands of its readers the Governor will probably have nominated Mr. Francis Hendricks, of Syracuse, as his successor. Mr. Hendricks has had a long experience in public life, and has thoroughly established his reputation as an honest, competent, and unpurchasable man. His character, both private and political, is above suspicion. He is a strong party man, and would prefer to work with his party organization; but no one believes that he can be used as a tool, either by the Republican machine or the Republican boss. The captious critics of Governor Roosevelt (and there are many of them) are condemning him for not taking advantage of the situation to make a direct fight with the Republican machine. Mr. Roosevelt was not elected Governor of the State for any such purpose; he was elected, among other things, to appoint honest and capable men to office, and it is no objection to an honest and capable man that he can be confirmed and take his office. The Governor has shown uncommon good sense, as well as uncommon pluck, in this emergency. The position he had to fill was a difficult one; he has selected a man who is not only entirely competent to fill it as it ought to be filled, but who will also be able to secure confirmation by the Senate. His victory is therefore a fruitful instead of a barren one; it is not the kind of a victory that a man of the temperament of Wendell Phillips would have secured, but it is eminently the kind of victory which a man of the temperament of Mr. Lincoln would have secured.

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The New York State Canals

Last week the New York State Canal Committee's report was transmitted by Governor Roosevelt to the State Legislature. The first question before the Committee was whether it was worth while to continue to maintain the Erie Canal; the answer was in the affirmative. The next question was as to the magnitude of the proposed improvements. The report condemns the vote of nine million dollars in 1895 as producing too slight a betterment over present conditions to justify the expenditure. On the other hand, the Committee does not recommend a ship canal, (1) as being too costly an undertaking for a mere State enterprise, and (2) on account of the supposed difficulty of making one type of vessel which would replace the three present types of cargo-craft, namely, the lake steamer, the canal-boat, and the ocean steamer. The Committee recommends a compromise between extremes—a canal for barges of a thousand tons cargo, with steam or electricity as motive power. The proposals for smaller canals are rightly dismissed as inadequate. Under the new plan locks would be arranged so that two boats could pass each other. The Committee then sensibly reports in favor of a canal route by which the Erie Canal would not be followed throughout; instead, the Seneca and Oneida Rivers and Lake Oneida would be utilized. The cost of the new Erie Canal would be nearly fifty-nine million dollars, and would be assessed upon the counties directly benefited, including those of the Hudson River. To this sum, if the Oswego and Champlain Canals should be further improved under the 1895 plan, two million five hundred thousand dollars must be added. The counties affected contain nine-tenths of the State's total valuation, New York County alone paying two-thirds of the cost. These propositions seem at first as proportionate to our commerce as was Clinton's nearly a century ago, when he urged the need of taking advantage of the only good canal passage from West to East between Maine and Georgia. But

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the recommendations of the Committee do not stop here; they urge the necessity of obtaining more favorable charges for transshipment at Buffalo and the metropolis. This may be easily secured by permitting the use of the State canals to companies representing capital beyond the fatuous restrictions now imposed on the investment of capital in canal traffic. Finally, the Committee honors itself in recommending that the canal service be put upon a business basis, with appointment for merit only, and with security of office-tenure. Certainly these two things should be assured before a dollar is voted. The commercial advantages of the plan proposed seem to be: (1) The use of certain barges which may be loaded anywhere on the Great Lakes, and proceed to any point near New York on our coast without breaking bulk. (2) The consequent pressure on the elevator companies to lower their present onerous charges. (3) The opportunity for unrestricted capital in developing canal trade. (4) Low freight charges, one-half mill a ton a mile, being one-third the lowest present cost of transport by rail, and as low as that by the Canadian canals.

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The Commerce Commission's Report

At the same time the New York State Commerce Commission (appointed by Governor Black in 1898) presented its report. It declares that serious damage is being done to the trade of the Empire State in general, and to the port of New York in particular, through railway discrimination against the State in favor of competing ports. It also recommends an improvement of the Erie Canal; indeed, the main fact in the reports of both Commissions is that the Erie Canal cannot further compete with the railways unless it is improved. In his message to the Legislature, Governor Roosevelt points out that unless New York State improves the Erie Canal we in the United States will have nothing to offset the advantages conferred on commerce by the new canals in Canada. They furnish from Duluth to Montreal a waterway fourteen feet deep, with locks to accommodate ocean steamers. The Governor does not say, however, that during the five years necessary to deepen the New York State Canal to fourteen feet the Canadian can be deepened to twenty-one; in which case New York State, nay the United States, would be in exactly the same position in regard to the Canadian canals as to-day. Nor should it be forgotten that Montreal is over three hundred miles nearer Liverpool than is New York. As to saving in rates, President Callaway, of the New York Central Railway, says that if Governor Roosevelt and the State will agree to pay to the New York Central a sum of money equal to a fair rate of interest upon the proposed expenditure he will agree to haul all grain that may be offered for transportation from Buffalo to New York free of charge. This proposition can hardly be taken seriously; it is more important to note that a new railway could be built from Buffalo to New York for half the cost of the proposed canal; such a railway could probably carry grain and flour at lower prices than the canal. The whole matter has, of course, been regarded by these State Commissioners as a State undertaking, and wholly, therefore, from the point of view of the State's interests; but in reality the question is in some of its aspects of National importance. A proper waterway from Buffalo to the sea would benefit Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and the Dakotas far more than the State of New York; it would be properly National in its influence upon the West, and through it upon the entire country. Already the citizens of the canal counties are pertinently inquiring why they should be taxed so that the Kansas farmer or the Minneapolis miller can move his product half a cent a bushel cheaper. With the shortest grain route to the sea by way of Montreal, with the possibility that the Canadians will have a twenty-one-foot ship canal as soon as we have a fourteen-foot barge canal, it is evident that the subject requires consideration from the point of view of National advantage.

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The Fitchburg Lease

Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, has already exemplified his business sense and public spirit by the terms he has obtained for the State of Massachusetts as a condition to its ratification of the lease of

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the Fitchburg road to the Boston and Maine system. The State owns $5,000,000 worth of stock in the Fitchburg road, and the first offer made for this stock was equivalent to 30 per cent. of par, or $1,500,000. Many powerful interests urged the acceptance of this offer, pointing out that the proposed lease of the Boston and Albany road to the New York Central threatened to divert much of traffic that now passes over the Fitchburg road. Governor Crane, however, insisted that the State must be paid par for its stock, and the railroad managers have now accepted his terms. His achievement goes far to meet the charge that business men in public positions do not look after the public interests as they would look after the interests of a private estate they had been intrusted to administer, or a private corporation they had been elected to serve. Governor Crane has looked after the public interests as he would look after his own.

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Barnard and Mount Holyoke

Two events of unusual interest have taken place in the academic world. Barnard College for women, in this city, has been formally incorporated into the educational system of Columbia University; the President of Columbia becoming, *ex officio*, the President of Barnard, and the Dean of Barnard being admitted to the University Council. The establishment of closer relations between Columbia and Barnard is in line with that movement toward educational unification which is one of the most marked tendencies of the day, one which is the response of the mind of the educational world to the demands of economy, higher organization, and more intelligent and orderly arrangement of departments and courses of study. Hereafter the instructors at Barnard will be selected by the trustees of that institution, but will be on the same footing as the instructors in Columbia University. Women graduate students of Columbia will be subject to the same terms as men graduate students in studying for higher degrees. The new arrangement practically throws open all the resources of Columbia University to women graduate students. At Mount Holyoke the acceptance of the resignation of Mrs. Mead, which is to take effect next July, has been followed by the selection of Miss Mary E. Woolley as her successor. Miss Woolley is a native of Connecticut; studied at the classical high school in Providence, graduated from Wheaton Seminary, entered Brown University when its classes were open to women, and received the degree of B.A. in 1894; the degree of M.A. was subsequently conferred upon her by the same University. Her work as a student of Brown was devoted largely to Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and German, but she has also given a good deal of time to political economy, political science, and philosophy. For the last five years she has been a member of the Faculty of Wellesley College, having charge of the department of Biblical History and Literature, and she has also had considerable administrative work in the College. Miss Woolley is a woman in sympathetic touch with the college life of the day, well equipped for her position, possessed of a thoroughly sane view of educational interests and values, and controlled by a definite ethical and religious spirit. Under her presidency the marked advance which Mount Holyoke has made under Mrs. Mead promises to be continued.

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Mr. Depew and the Railway Young Men's Christian Association

At the recent anniversary of the Railway Young Men's Christian Association in New York, the principal address was delivered by Senator Depew, who, together with the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, founded the movement twenty-four years ago. Mr. Depew truly said that this branch of the Young Men's Christian Association is a monument to Mr. Vanderbilt's memory. "If it had not been for him, it would never have been begun, unless some other man had been found to devote himself and his means to it in the same way; and if he had not lived, it would never have reached the proportion which it has to-day in connection with every railway in the United States." During the past year, continued Mr. Depew, two notable Americans had died; one was Cornelius Vanderbilt, the other was Moody. Moody was a man without money, but he reached the whole universe. With his initiative faculty, his magnetism, his ability to compel people

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to see things as he saw them, he could always tap the sources of wealth for anying he wanted. Those who gave to his missions have come so to appreciate the necessity of keeping up the work that they will go on contributing, believing that there are men left with Moody's gift of administration who will take up the missions and carry them on. While the Railway Young Men's Christian Association was successfully started by the initiative, the personal energy, and the gifts of Mr. Vanderbilt, its chance of successful prosecution, according to Mr. Depew, now lies in the concurrent help of the corporations themselves. This assured, the incalculable benefit that comes to the railways from having "this intelligent, progressive University right here in our midst all the time will continue, the institution will go on, it will become stronger, and the time will be reached when the tentative period shall have passed."

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Christian Work on Army Transports

Hearty support should be given to the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association in its work on our army transports and in the Philippines. Officers of the army are agreed that no other organization can accomplish so much civilizing and Christianizing as can the Young Men's Christian Association. The work itself should commend itself to all; surely there are few who have stronger temptations and fewer restraining influences than our soldiers across the sea. That they appreciate the work begun on the transports is evidenced in a letter from the Secretary who accompanied the Forty-third Infantry on the transport Meade. He wrote from Gibraltar that—

> The Association which we have organized has an enrollment of nearly six hundred. A literary society, chorus, and glee club is already at work, and a committee appointed to take charge of a systematic course of Bible reading, which was followed by a number of the men and officers. Studies in the lives of Paul and Moses have been particularly interesting during our trip through the Mediterranean Sea, past Italy, Malta, Egypt, and Arabia. In addition to these activities, a class in English, with a membership of twenty-five among the enlisted men, meets every morning.

A letter from the Thomas, which is said to be the finest troop-ship in the world, says:

> I feel sure that if those who are behind this movement and who furnish the means could hear the expressions of gratitude uttered by the soldiers, it would warm their hearts as it does mine. "God bless the Y. M. C. A.," and "The Y. M. C. A. is the best friend the soldier has," are remarks heard frequently.

Writing from Malta, the Secretary on the Logan says:

> Our work is going steadily on. The games are greatly appreciated, and the men are eager for the religious services. At our last meeting twenty or thirty took part, while several made definite decisions for Christ. Colonel Bird tells me that in all his army experience he has never known so decided a religious interest among the men.

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Theodore Bacon

A man of fine fiber passed away when Theodore Bacon died last week at his home in Rochester, N. Y. He was a son of Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, and perhaps a descendant of Lord Bacon; the influence of heredity might be traced in the keen, crisp thought which characterized Theodore Bacon's life as a lawyer and politician. He was a Yale man of the famous class of 1853; some of the members of that class were Wayne MacVeagh, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charlton T. Lewis, and Andrew D. White. Mr. Bacon served with distinction throughout the Civil War, retiring with a captaincy. After the war he began the practice of law in Rochester, and soon attaned rank as one of the most prominent lawyers in western New York. His interest in public affairs was an active one; he was emphatically the scholar and the gentleman in politics. Until 1872 he was a Republican, when he became an Independent. Fourteen years later he was nominated for Congress on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated. Two years ago he accepted the nomination of the Citizens' Union party for the Governorship of New York State. Mr. Bacon's chief characteristic was a stern and unalterable loyalty to principle as he understood it. If he had practiced some of the wiles of demagoguery, he might have attained public office. Such defeats as his are rightly deemed honorable, however, and especially are they so in the light of the fact that in the increase of such self-devoted

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men of high principle lies the best hope of reform in our political life.

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A Revival of Intolerance

The so-called revival of religion in Brooklyn, if it is correctly reported in the newspapers, should be called a revival of intolerance. One of its leaders is quoted as saying that "all Unitarians are sinners and all sinners are Unitarians"—an utterance so extraordinary that we should think it incredible, were it not imputed to a man whose previous utterances have given the impression that he is more desirous to produce an immediate sensation than permanent effects. It is at the same time stated that the leaders of the movement, if movement it can be called, have declared their intention to direct their energies in the meetings against the Higher Criticism and the Higher Critics; and one of the clergymen of the city, who was at first inclined to co-operate, has withdrawn because of the incursion of this polemical spirit into what started with a spiritual purpose.

The defense of the religious persecution of the Middle Ages rested on two premises: first, that intellectual error in religious matters is a sin; second, that it is the duty of the State to prevent sin. We have no reason to suppose that the leaders in the so-called Brooklyn revival hold the second of these premises, or would inflict civil penalties on men because of their religious opinions; but it is clear that they hold the first. They think that to believe as James Martineau believed is a sin; to believe as Dwight L. Moody believed is a virtue. And we have no doubt that a good many people who will be repelled by the arrogance which affirms that all Unitarians are sinners, yet really, though unconsciously, entertain the premise from which that conclusion is derived; that is, they believe that an error in religious opinion is a sin.

In fact, this concealed premise, which underlies all religious intolerance, has no warrant either in philosophy or in Scripture. Sin and error are not synonyms. Sin may lead men into error; error may lead men into sin: but the two are not the same, and never should be confounded. Error is intellectual, sin is moral; error is a mistaken action of the intellect, sin is a wrong action of the will. Sin is defined by the Apostle John as lawlessness; and nothing but lawlessness is sin. Nothing is sin but a more or less deliberate doing of what the doer knows to be wrong, or might easily know to be wrong if he would take the trouble to consider. Righteousness and sin are always in act—external or internal, of spirit or of body—and therefore always in the will. "He that doeth righteousness is righteous." No less is it true that he that doeth unrighteousness is unrighteous.

Even if we grant that the Higher Critics are wholly wrong in their view of the Bible, and that the Unitarians are wholly wrong in their philosophy of religion, that does not make them sinners. If we grant that the Conservatives are wholly right in their view of the Bible, and that the Orthodox are wholly right in their philosophy of religion, that does not make them saints. In that case the one class would simply be more intelligent than the other—it may be, more spiritually intelligent. A man may believe that the Pentateuch was written in the time of Ezra and be a very good man; he may believe that it was written by Moses and be a very bad man. It is no more virtuous to believe that Solomon wrote Ecclesiastes than to believe that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet;" no more inconsistent with godliness and virtue to believe that Ecclesiastes was written some centuries after Solomon than to believe that "Hamlet" was written by Bacon. The difference between Professor William H. Green and Professor S. R. Driver is not a difference of moral character. To treat it as though it were, is to ignore the plainest and simplest distinction. To be religious is not to think wisely concerning the date and authorship of ancient manuscripts: it is to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God.

There is as little authority in Scripture as in philosophy for the intolerance which condemns men for their opinions on so-called religious questions. Not to go outside the supreme authority of the Master, the exponents of this intolerance will look in vain in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ for any moral condemnation of intellectual opinions. Christ condemned with vigorous invective the Pharisees, whose opin-

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ions were orthodox and whose liturgical practices were pious, but whose lives were unloving—who "devoured widow's houses and for a pretense made long prayers." But he never denounced the Sadducees of his time, though their intellectual errors involved a denial of the immortality of the soul and of the authority of revelation. He rebuked Peter for the attempt to dissuade his Master from the self-sacrifice to which he was consecrated, he rebuked James and John for the endeavor to secure the best places in the kingdom which they believed was just about to be inaugurated; but he had no word of condemnation for Thomas, who refused to believe in the truth of the resurrection until he had ocular demonstration of its reality. The spirit which confounds error and sin, which denounces men as guilty for not agreeing in theological or literary opinions with their self-constituted judges, is morally as far removed from the spirit of Christ as it is intellectually removed from that of a sound philosophy and a right reason.

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The Taxation of Mortgages

The committee of New York legislators appointed last year to investigate the question of taxation has reported a plan by which the State Government may be relieved of the necessity of levying any tax upon real estate. Already the State Government of New York has a large revenue from corporation taxes, inheritance taxes, and liquor licenses, and the committee proposes to supplement this by levying a State tax of one per cent. upon the personal property of banks of discount, and five mills upon real estate mortgages—at the same time relieving these objects from local taxation. The proposal respecting the banks does not meet with much favor outside of banking circles. The personal property of banks is reached by the local assessors much better than any other form of personalty, and the proposal to substitute a State tax of one per cent. for the heavier local taxes now levied in most cities seems to grant a special privilege to the banks. The proposal respecting mortgages is much better received. At the present time they are nominally taxed at the same rate as real estate, and really are not taxed at all except when owned by conscientious people. The law now demands that if a piece of real estate is mortgaged for half its value, the borrower shall be taxed upon the entire property just as if he owned it all, and the lender shall be taxed upon the half represented by his mortgage. The injustice of this is so apparent that it does not need to be pointed out. The legislative committee does not propose to do away with this injustice, but to lessen it. It would continue to tax the borrower upon the value of the entire property and tax the lender upon the value of the mortgage, but would reduce to one-third the rate at which the lender is nominally taxed. The committee urges that owners of mortgages would willingly pay a State tax of five mills in order to escape a liability to a local tax of fifteen mills, and that the systematic collection of this State tax would not raise the rate of interest to borrowers, because they already pay a high rate on account of the supposed liability of the lenders to taxation. The argument has weight, yet the proposal is not satisfactory. It is perfectly clear that where a piece of property is mortgaged for half its value, the borrower really owns half and the lender half. Each should pay only on what he owns. To tax mortgaged property at a higher rate than unmortgaged property is obvious injustice to debtors.

The just system is that pursued in Massachusetts and California, where the law treats the mortgage as a part interest in the estate mortgaged, and taxes it as such. In Massachusetts the statute permits a contract by which the borrower shall pay the entire tax, taking it for granted that by means of this stipulation he will be able to borrow at a proportionately lower rate of interest. The California law permits no such contract, and requires that the lender shall directly pay the tax upon the value of his mortgage, and the borrower merely pay the tax upon the value of the property in excess of the mortgage. This, of course, is the ideal system, and is the one pursued by the English Government in levying its income tax. The assertion is sometimes made that there is absolutely no difference in practical effect whether the lender directly

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pays the tax on the amount of his loan, as in California, or is allowed to make a contract by which the borrower shall pay it. The California statistics, however, seem to show that where the lender directly pays the tax he is not able to add its full amount to the interest which he demands. The average rate of interest upon mortgages in California in 1890 was actually lower than in the States adjoining. This point, however, is of minor importance. The imperative reform is that mortgaged property should be taxed only once, and that the State shall put an end to the injustice and the perjury involved in attempting to tax both the property and the mortgage.

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Self-Government in the Colonies

The Declaration of Independence contains a statement of two political principles which are sometimes in practice irreconcilable. The first is that just governments exist for the benefit of the governed; the second is that they rest upon the consent of the governed. The second implies, or is supposed to imply, universal suffrage as a means of expressing that consent; and it implies, or is supposed to imply, that the consent is freely given, and is not due to any coercion by a superior authority. Government which in this sense rests upon the consent of the governed—that is, which is the result of the freely expressed will of the governed—is not always government for the benefit of the governed. Which of these principles ought to control when the two come in conflict: the principle that government is to be for the benefit of the governed, or the principle that it is to rest upon and be the expression of the consent of the governed? This question presents itself to the American people at the present time in a very practical form.

For example: In Santiago, when General Wood took command, the deaths were seven hundred a week. This was due to a universal disregard of the simplest and most self-evident sanitary laws. The people with substantial unanimity desired to live in disregard of these laws. When General Wood undertook to prescribe and enforce certain sanitary regulations, he had to meet and overcome the passive resistance of the people, and would have had to resist and overcome their active resistance if they had dared to resist. Not with the consent of the governed, but in spite of their opposition, the deaths were reduced from seven hundred a week to thirty or forty a week, by the beneficent military authority of General Wood. In such a case, which right takes precedence, the right to life of the men and women and children killed before their time, or the right of an ignorant and incompetent people to determine what shall be the sanitary conditions of the city in which they live?—that is, the right of the people to have their government administered for their benefit, or the right of the people to have it conform to their will?

This question was presented in a large way to this country some thirty years ago. We assumed, either that the consent of the governed was the fundamental principle of American institutions, or else that the will of the governed would always secure the interests of the governed. We therefore gave the ballot to the people of the rehabilitated States of the South, without regard to race, color, thrift, property, or intelligence. If by consent of the governed is meant consent of the majority of the governed, the carpetbag governments of the South rested upon the consent of the governed; but they were not for the benefit of the governed; they were for the benefit of a small and un crupulous coterie of demagogues, who robbed and plundered the people; and although in some respects they builded better than they knew, the sum total of the governments was so bad that the governments founded on universal suffrage have all been overthrown, and governments practically controlled by the intelligence, though not always by the virtue, of the States have been substituted.

In Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines the proportion of the people who can read and write any language certainly does not exceed ten per cent., and probably does not exceed five per cent. If the government of these islands is given to all the people, the result will inevitably be a government by the unthrifty and the unintelligent over them-

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selves and over their thrifty and intelligent neighbors. This never has been and never can be government for the benefit of the governed. It will not really be even government by the majority; for the experience of the past makes it clear that in such a case the majority follow the lead of unscrupulous demagogues, and the resultant government is not a democracy, but an oligarchy. It is, if we may coin a word, a demagogocracy, which is the worst of all the governments which have ever afflicted mankind, though it rests, in form at least, on the consent of the governed.

The Outlook has no doubt that of these two principles—government for the benefit of the governed, and government resting on the consent of the governed—the first is the fundamental one, and must, wherever the two collide, take the precedence. We are responsible for the government of Puerto Rico and the Philippines; we are responsible to determine who constitute the people of Cuba to whom the sovereignty of the island is to be handed over in due time. In the exercise of these responsibilities, the first and fundamental principle, which ought to govern us, is that governments exist for the benefit of the governed. For this is an absolute, eternal, universal principle. The other is not. The government of the righteous father is for the benefit of his children, but it does not rest on the consent of the children; the government of the just teacher is for the benefit of his pupils, but it does not rest on the consent of his pupils; the government of God is for the benefit of man, but it does not rest on the consent of man. It ought always to be the object of those who are responsible for government, whether of the family, the school, or the State, to make that government so evidently disinterested, just, and beneficent that it shall win the consent of the governed; and so educative that it shall eventually become a self-government. But self-government is the end to be reached, not the starting-point to be assumed; the *terminus ad quem*, not the *terminus a quo*.

We conclude, then, that the destiny of Cuba ought not to be left to be determined by unlimited suffrage. It is the duty of our Government to prescribe such qualifications of suffrage as will intrust the formation of the Cuban Constitution to a body elected by men who have something to lose and nothing to gain by anarchy, not to a body elected by men who have nothing to lose and might hope to gain something by anarchy. And in Puerto Rico and the Philippines it is our duty to organize and maintain a Government for the benefit of the people, until processes of education have developed a sufficiently large proportion of citizens in those regions capable of personal self-government to furnish the basis for a self-governing State. We respectfully suggest to those who lay such stress on the parenthetical statement in the Declaration of Independence that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, that they turn their attention to the other and far more fundamental statement, that all just governments exist and should be maintained for the benefit of the governed.

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Consular Reform

At the dinner given by the American Asiatic Association in New York City last week, Colonel Denby, late Minister to China, called attention to the need of an American Consular Civil Service System everywhere, but especially in what has been known as the Far East. Colonel Denby believes that we cannot do better than to copy the English system. Every year there arrive at Peking eight or ten young Englishmen who have been selected by competitive examination for the consular service. They are required to study Chinese as well as technical consular courses for two or three years; they are instructed by competent teachers. These young men are then detailed as clerks in the various consulates. They go from one consulate to another until they have served in every part of China; as they become proficient they are advanced, step by step, until they become consuls. Finally, having complete knowledge of all the business conditions obtaining in China, they remain in that country, representing British interests.

On the other hand, Colonel Denby calls attention to the American system. He was in China under four administrations, and practically all the consuls were changed after each administration. While,

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in the main, they were intelligent and industrious men, they had always before them the specter of dismissal from office; they could not look forward to the carrying out of any matured plans, and it was useless to contemplate for a moment any idea of learning the Chinese language.

During the Cleveland administration a bill was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Morgan looking toward both consular and diplomatic reform; this was followed by a better bill from Senator Lodge. In the House, however, the scheme of reorganization for the diplomatic service was thought to be more properly treated in a separate measure, and therefore the diplomatic service was eliminated from the several bills presented. The last measure was offered by Mr. Adams, of Pennsylvania, formerly Minister to Brazil. The Foreign Affairs Committee favorably reported his bill, but it never came to a vote.

A new measure has now been presented in the Senate by Senator Lodge, and in the House by Representative Burton. It is known as the Chambers of Commerce Bill, since all the principal Chambers of Commerce and many of the Boards of Trade throughout the United States have appropriately memorialized Congress in favor of a reform in which their interests are vital, since it ought to add greatly to the value, both to ourselves and to others, of our commercial interests abroad. The new measure presents a more comprehensive and practical plan for the training of consuls and for the permanence of the service than has characterized any of the preceding proposals. Under its provisions there are to be four Consuls-Generals of the first class, at salaries of eight thousand dollars a year; the salaries of the thirteen Consuls-General of the second class are six thousand dollars each, and of the nineteen of the third class, five thousand. This latter figure is the amount paid to consuls of the first class; consuls of the second class receive four thousand; of the third, three thousand; of the fourth, two thousand; of the fifth, eighteen hundred; and of the sixth, fifteen hundred. All fees are to be paid into the Treasury of the United States; the sole compensation of consular officers is to be by the salaries fixed by law; this does not apply to consular agents, however. The grade of commercial agents is abolished. Within two years from the date of the passage of the act the present consular incumbents are to be recalled for the prescribed examinations of their class; if they pass, they are to be readmitted to the same classes which they respectively occupied. Such examinations are to be conducted by a board consisting of the Secretary of State (or such person in the Department of State as the President may designate) and a consular officer of the United States, in conjunction with the Civil Service Commissioners. Whenever a vacancy occurs in the sixth consular class, the Secretary of State will call upon the Board for a list, and the Board will furnish the name of the five applicants who have passed the examination with the highest credit, no one having been examined who is under twenty-five or over forty-five years of age, or who is not a citizen of the United States, or who is mentally, morally, or physically disqualified properly to perform the duties of a consul. Among the subjects required in the examination are to be certain foreign languages and questions designed to ascertain the applicant's knowledge of the commercial resources of the United States, especially with reference to the possibilities of increasing or extending our trade with foreign countries. From the list of eligible persons the President shall make his nominations for the consular service. Any consular officer may be transferred by the President from one place to another in the same class, according to the needs of the service. This, because of the chance of ultimate transfer, ought to insure ability of a high order to the Government, even when the particular position is not an attractive one. Whenever a vacancy occurs above the sixth class, members of the class next below that in which the vacancy occurs shall be deemed eligible to fill such vacancy. Aside from this assurance of continuance in office, the measure provides that after twelve months' experience in a consulate no man shall be dismissed except for due cause presented to him in writing, and that he shall have power to defend himself from such charges before a board appointed by the President. Thus the great merit of the proposed reform is that it takes the consuls out of the spoils system and puts them on a Civil Service basis. No longer will a consulship be the personal property

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of some pothouse politician. Despite the old scandalous system, our Government has—accidentally—sent many a man of character abroad; henceforth, however, it will not be enough that he have character alone; he must also have efficiency, as proven by the required examination.

We urge upon every member of Congress the necessity of passing this bill. We ought long since to have had the consular service it provides—a service in which appointments shall be made only for fitness, in which appointments shall be made to grades and not to specific places, and in which removal shall not be made from any other than specified causes. If Congress will but establish such a service, not only will America enjoy some real title to consideration as a first-class world power; the death-blow to the spoils system, affecting our consular representatives abroad, will react with gratifying effect upon affairs at home.

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The Cuban Industrial Relief Fund

Owing to the rapidly improving industrial and political conditions in Cuba under the administration of officers of the United States Government, and especially owing to the appointment of General Wood as Governor-General of the island, and after careful investigation of what is now being done and about to be done by the Government and the Cubans themselves, we are of the opinion that the special emergency which gave rise to the formation of the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund and to the plan of its operation has passed. There is undoubtedly still need of philanthropic work in Cuba along industrial lines, but we think that this work can be carried out better from now on in co-operation with United States army officials and under their direction than through semi-private channels.

The gentlemen who compose the Executive Committee of the Fund passed resolutions last week providing for a special committee to confer with General Wood and to act, on his advice and suggestion, upon the question whether the philanthropic aid now extended to Cuban laborers by the Fund shall be continued or not, and, if continued, on what basis. The resolutions also provide that until General Wood's decision is obtained no further money shall be solicited or expended by the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund, and that the balance now in the treasury shall be disbursed as General Wood advises.

With these resolutions we are in hearty accord, and we shall therefore discontinue receiving subscriptions for the Fund. We have entire confidence, as we are sure that our readers have, that General Wood's advice in such a matter is that of the first living expert on Cuban conditions, and our readers will, we believe, be entirely satisfied, as we are, to have the unused balance of the relief fund expended as he may direct.

We take this occasion to thank our readers for their sympathy and co-operation in this work, which has been of value in saving many individuals in Cuba from actual starvation, and providing many more with a training and knowledge that already have enabled them, and will continue to enable them, to earn their own living, either on their own small farms or as wage-workers on large plantations.

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A Notable Conference

That the race question in the South is to be settled, not by the North, but by the South, is fast becoming the conviction of all thoughtful Northern men; that certain radical changes of attitude must take place which shall embody this idea in spirit and work is becoming equally clear. The negro must be taught to look upon the men about him as his natural friends—those who hold his future in their hands, so far as a man's future can be controlled by others. They must not be taught, as they too often have been, by implication if not by words, that the Northern man is their friend and the Southern man their enemy. They must live with the Southern man, and the negro and the Southern man must live together on terms of justice and mutual helpfulness. It has been natural to hang on the walls of schools for negroes in the South portraits of Northern leaders who have been associated with the emancipation movement; those portraits properly belong there; but

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they ought not to exclude portraits of Southern leaders and statesmen. The negro boy in the school ought not to have the Northern man held before him exclusively as typifying the great virtues; noble Southerners ought to be as prominent on the walls of the schools as noble Northerners. Everything ought to be done to identify the negro in feeling with his own section; and everything ought also to be done to throw upon that section the responsibility of caring for him in the right way.

The South cannot complain if the North has sometimes seemed to interfere too much with matters which Southern men regard as belonging to themselves. Every section in the United States is interested in the reign of law and justice in every other section. It is a matter of vital concern to the South if injustice is done to classes in the far West, or if anarchy is threatened in communities in the North. The South has not done its full duty to the negro. There are still many Southern men who take narrow and selfish views of that duty, and whose shortsightedness, if it could prevail, would lead to lasting race troubles. But the view of these men is not to prevail; there are wise and generous Southerners, with their eyes open to the past, the present, and the future, who understand the gravity of the race problem, and know that it cannot be solved by short cuts, merely by legislation, or by subterfuges or evasions of any sort; that it must be solved by the wise, far-sighted application of the same principles which under similar conditions could be applied to the white race. The sooner these Southern leaders get control of the problem in their own section the better both for themselves, the negro, and for the North. A very important step in this direction has recently been taken. A conference was held at Montgomery, Ala., quite recently, in response to a call from which a few sentences are worth reprinting:

> As Southern men, we feel that any real solution of our race problem can be best approached by the people of the South themselves, and under the leadership of those forces which represent the dominant influences of our own section. We have realized, however, that there is as yet among us no parliament either of men or of ideas. There is no general organ or institution through which the varied aspects of Southern conviction can gain expression. Believing, as we do, in the value of debate and in the uses of argument, we feel that a conference of Southern men upon this subject will have a deep and far-reaching influence upon our public opinion. This conference, if successful, might be held each year, and might become our recognized organ for the expression of Southern sentiment in relation to the most vital of Southern problems. In order that it may command in the fullest sense the interest and the confidence of our people, we should prefer to have its sessions open to the abler and more responsible advocates of the various conflicting opinions which obtain among us. We should like to see this conference deal with such subjects as the relation of the negro to the franchise, the relation of the negro to education and to religion, and the relation of the negro to the social order (including a discussion of the lynching question).

Deep interest was shown in the plan at the preliminary conference, and committees were appointed to take practical steps for calling together, under the general terms of this letter, all Southern men who are interested in these problems. The general conference has been called for May 8, 9, 10, in Montgomery, which, by reason of its position on the borders of the Black Belt, and its intimate connection with later Southern history, is peculiarly well adapted for such a purpose. Endeavor will be made to secure the expression of every phase of Southern opinion, and to draw out the fullest and most searching discussion and criticism. The South needs organization for the powerful expression of public opinion. This conference is likely to afford, along certain great lines, not only a common ground where all men may meet, but an organization which will concentrate moral and intellectual influence, and enable the leaders of Southern opinion to formulate and diffuse their convictions. The North will also have representation at the meeting. The address of the Secretary is Post Office Box 370, Montgomery, Ala.

This movement is one of the most hopeful signs of the times; it registers a distinct advance in the sense of the importance of settling the race question along right lines; for it cannot be said too often, as the gentlemen who have arranged for this conference declare, that the solution of the race problem is largely in the hands of the Southern whites, and that the solution can be reached only through education.

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The Fight at Magersfontein

BY JAMES BARNES

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ALL day Friday, December 8, there had been rumors of impending movement of the troops of Lord Methuen's division; but, as the staff officers kept such information closely to themselves, there was nothing certain, and every one was waiting for the first sure sign of an advance. For a week the camp at Modder Station had kept up the appearance of a military depot or a mere camp of instruction. Every day the Modder had been crowded along its banks with the lines of soldiers, washing and bathing, or smoking their pipes lazily under the shade of the trees. The railroad bridge had been completed, and the supplies were plentiful. Two rival sutlers had opened shop and were making fortunes. Every evening, as it grew cooler, the football was bounding over the veldt; even cricket had been started, and a match had been arranged between two companies of the Lancashires. The soldiers seemed to have recovered entirely from the hard week of fighting at Belmont, Graspan, and at the river a mile below, and they took their holiday as they take everything else—with no apparent thought for the future, no apparent care for the past.

At three o'clock on the morning of Saturday I was awakened by a sound which there was no mistaking. We had become accustomed to the rattle of mule-wagons and water-carts and to the shouts and cries of the Kaffir drivers, but this was different; there was a ceaseless leather creaking in the air, a metallic jingle of chains, and the hollow grumble of heavy wheels. The nights on the South African veldt are extremely cool; one might shiver beneath a blanket shortly after midnight, and be baking before the sun is an hour above the horizon. This morning it was bitter cold. The moon shed sufficient light for me to distinguish objects at some distance, and as I looked out on the veldt I saw a long series of dark, shrouded forms—horses and men moving from the artillery camp up the dusty road to the north. There had been no bugle-call and there was no confusion, but it meant that the beginning of the long-expected movement was on foot. We hurried into our clothes, but before we had reached the military headquarters we heard the heavy shock of the naval gun firing its first shell. I stopped and counted the seconds to time the projectile—forty-eight, and a dull, jarring report reached our ears. It was the first lyddite shell fired in this campaign, but it was still too dark to mark results, and the gun was full three miles away. Fourteen shots were fired—eight with ordinary shells and six with lyddite. In the growing dawn we could mark great clouds of dust hanging above the brow of a big kopje some six miles to the north and a mile to the eastward of the railway. Before we gained the crest of the hill we met the heavy gun, drawn by thirty-two oxen, crunching its way back to camp. The sailors in charge of it were as pleased as children with a new toy. Captain Bearcroft was enthusiastic. No enemy could ever live in the face of such a bombardment. The lyddite gun was to open the way to Pretoria! But there had been no response from the grim kopje, and now the field artillery that we had seen moving out began firing on the distant ridge. The white puffs of smoke showed high in the air where the shrapnel burst and scattered; still there came no reply from the rocky ground that was

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supposed to shelter the waiting enemy. Although the advanced pickets had been fired upon on several occasions in this direction, it was concluded that General Cronje had removed his forces to Speitfontein, four miles above; otherwise, it was reasoned, his fire would certainly have been drawn. So back to camp plowed the big naval gun, to be photographed by correspondents and wondered at by soldiers; and, after a while, back to the encampment jingled the field artillery. The General and staff were satisfied that there were few, if any, of the enemy there at Magersfontein, and by breakfast-time the camp had taken on again its look of peace and comfortable security. The long lines of horses wended their ways across the dusty plain to the watering-places at the drifts; the soldiers took up their bathing and washing along the river banks; the Kaffir drivers yelped and yapped like packs of dogs at the heels of the sturdy little mules that dragged the forage and fodder to the several divisions and brigades; and, for all we knew from appearances, there might have been no Boers within a radius of twenty miles. The Remington scouts (named after their Colonel), with the strips of leopard-skin about their broad-brimmed hats, galloped in from the near outposts and galloped out again, as they had been doing every day. At nightfall the searchlight from Kimberley began to talk against the clouds, but it was dim and the moon was bright, and the messages in consequence were hard to read.

"Brother Frank is talking to Brother Cecil," observed one of the privates who stood watching our own flashlight answering. It was true in a measure, for the chief signal officer, Colonel Rhodes, is a brother of the beleaguered Nabob of Rhodesia.

So the camp turned in as usual, and Sunday dawned hot and peaceful and quiet. The regiments attended church service in their encampments, and the dinner hour arrived; but there was a meaning in the galloping orderlies, and in the bustle and excitement at the headquarters in the old "Crown Hotel" near the station; and before two o'clock rumor was a certainty: the advance would be begun that night! By four o'clock the great wagons were harnessed and waiting, the bugles had sounded, and the regiments were assembling. The ambulances, with their fluttering Red Cross flags, moved out of camp along the wagon road to Kimberley. They halted by the wayside, and soon the dust raised by long lines of marching men lifted into the hot, dry air. The Highland Brigade was afoot and moving out; the artillery and the naval gun had already taken their positions along the crest of the hill from which they had made such fine practice on the morning of the previous day. Clouds were gathering in the northwest with promise of rain, and as the first drops began to fall the big guns opened, directed at the same silent, rocky hillside that had before disdained them.

And now we could see what lyddite really meant. As the great shells struck, tons of sand and splintered rock crowned by a dark floating cloud of dust arose, and then the dull, heavy report of the explosion would come back. The Guards brigade, which was encamped across the river, was the last to move; the Scots were to be held in reserve, and were under orders not to leave camp until after nightfall. Their tents were struck and they stood about in the rain, which had increased to a steady downpour, forgetful of the soaking in the interest of watching the bombardment. But still there came no reply, and as darkness came on the guns ceased firing. But the long line of wagons was moving forward; the troops of the Highland Brigade could be seen in dark masses three or four miles distant on the sloping hill.

I was quartered with the First Scots Guards, but as the rain increased in volume and as there was no shelter, I took refuge in a small Boer farm-house near the river, waiting for the minute of advance. Two days' rations had been dealt out to men and officers; odds were given that we would dine in Kimberley by Thursday!

Never shall I forget that night march through the rain—the crowding of the men at the drift, where they plashed through the stream and clambered up the steep bank to the open veldt on the other side. Silently the brigade was reformed when all had safely crossed, and, with the Grenadiers leading, the Coldstreams next, and the Scots Guards in the rear, the march was taken up. The low-lying clouds hid the moon and stars, and it was all that one could do to distinguish the line of silently tramping men ahead and but six

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paces distant. At a certain point north of the river it was expected that we would meet the regimental wagon that carried the officers' rubber coats and blankets; but in the darkness it had gone astray, and the Guards were called to halt and ordered to lie down and rest. The men carried their blanket rolls, but the officers had no protection from the chilling air, and lay huddled together for warmth in groups of twos and threes. It had ceased raining, and the sky had perceptibly lightened. Above the hills to the north flashed the beckoning Kimberley light, but soon signals were at a discount, for the lightning wavered and quivered about the horizon, and a chill wind sprang up, that ate into one's marrow. The men could be heard whispering and talking in low voices as they lay near their stacked arms in the ranks. The officers got to their feet and walked about to keep their blood moving.

There was a sense of suspense in the air; but they did not talk of war or of the coming morrow: they joked and laughed together, perhaps somewhat nervously; they discussed race-horses and the play. A young lieutenant, who had never campaigned out of Pall Mall or Aldershot before, told me amusing stories of an eccentric old uncle of his. The talk drifted to dogs and hunting and sham battles. Despite the fact that all these men might be in battle to-morrow, there appeared to be no air of seriousness, no sense of depression, no feeling of responsibility. An officer came walking down the line; he spoke a low word to the captain of each company as he passed. There was no spoken order given that I heard, but soon there was a great stirring, for the word, somehow, had gone through the regiment. There was a sound of buckling of belts, a jingle now and then of a bayonet against a rifle. In ten minutes the blankets had been rolled, and the dun-colored, silent ranks were ready.

The weather was still threatening, the Kimberley light yet flashing, and the lightning playing, at one o'clock, when silently the brigade started onward. We passed long lines of camp wagons covered with heavy tarpaulins; the mules were tied to the wheels, and the Kaffir drivers looked out at us as we went by. All at once, without warning, the clouds burst into a downpour of rain, the struggling stars were shut out instantly, and the Kimberley light reached the end of its business hours. It was almost impossible, now, to see the men marching within the distance of two feet; yet somehow the lines appeared to keep their six-space interval. The rain was chill as sleet; it fell in great icy ropes—there was no escaping it. A few lucky officers had brought their ponchos with them, but even they did not keep dry. But the men were cheerful in their silence. Tommy jokes at almost anything, and he joked with his neighbor at the icy downpour; occasionally some remark would start a smothered laugh.

Suddenly there came a halt, and the startling word came back that we had lost touch with the line head. A struggling mule-team loaded with ammunition floundered across our way. Where had the other regiments gone? It was impossible to shout or hail—we might be within sound of the enemy. Twenty paces out on the veldt and one was lost. One might have been in a black, unpeopled desert instead of being almost within arm's length of two thousand waiting men. There came the muffled tramping of hoofs, and all at once a great dark mass moved up beside us. It was the Twelfth Lancers, under command of Lord Airlie. I recognized his voice long before I saw him as he asked what regiment we were; I had come up in the train with him from Orange River, and had found him to be a fine type of the English officer and gentleman—simple and soldierlike from head to heel.

For an hour we waited, hoping that some word would be sent back to us, or that some one would return to put us on the line; and all the time it rained—that drenching, penetrating cloudburst. But the worst has an end, and gradually it slackened, and then it was seen that we were on the direct line of the military telegraph. The little narrow poles, no larger than surveyors' staffs, were but a short distance to the right. So again we started on. It was a marvel to me how the Guards kept their alignment, but as the clouds drifted away and a few stars lit the sky, I could see that they might have been marching in review.

We were ascending a slight hill now, and a gray half-light, that seemed to come, not from the eastern sky, but from overhead, made objects somewhat visible,

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The dark masses to right and left tried to dissolve themselves into bushes, and soon we came up to where we could make out lines of men standing silently by the side of the heavy, foot-plowed road; but it was not yet morning—the morning that once started comes so quickly in South Africa. The blanket of clouds had parted, and that was all, but another half-hour and we saw the signs of dawn. The road before us could be seen and the sky-line of the hill could be faintly traced.

An officer on horseback met us suddenly and spoke a word to the adjutant. Captain Sergison of G Company, with whom I had been walking, said in a half-whisper, "We are to halt here," and he gave the order to his men in scarcely louder tones. An artillery caisson rumbled off on the left. I bade good-by to the officers nearest me, and ran up the crest of the hill, for daylight would soon be here, and I knew that the Highland Brigade, if all had gone well, had probably reached their position, and the battle would soon begin; it appeared to me as if I heard firing already.

At last I came up with one or two ambulances waiting in a little hollow; their white flags with the red cross were the first bits of color I had seen. There were men on horseback standing about, and some dismounted troopers leaning against their saddles. As I gained the crest of the hill that overlooked the sweeping valley that lay between us and the kopje, a bright red glare, preceded by one or two points of red light, ripped from the sky and spread along the foot of the kopje like a swiftly burning fuse. It spurted out along the ridge of the hill a mile or so to the east, and then ran back again. The sound came to us; I could not help being reminded of the early dawn of the Fourth of July. For full a minute the fire was incessant; then there came a few dropping shots and a lull. Some one on horseback—a "Remington scout," if I remember rightly—cried out, "The Highlanders are in the trenches!" And as I was under no orders, and for the moment thought that it was all but over, I hastened down the hill. There had been no cheering on the crest, but a murmur of babbled talk arose.

"They have them! they have them!" cried an army service man, slapping his knee and jumping up and down like a college boy at a football game.

There seemed to be a prevailing idea that if the Highlanders once got near enough, the old-fashioned cold steel would sweep all before it. Cold steel against Mauser! The wild Highland rush that had so often carried the Gordons, the Mackenzies, and the Argyles to victory! But things have changed greatly. It is not the game to rush obstinate, faith-inspired Dutchmen, intrenched behind earthworks and stone sangas, protected mayhap by double rows of barbed-wire entanglements, and almost every man armed with the best weapon known to military science. It is a bad job to be caught when marching in quarter-column by an enfilading fire. That ripping volley before dawn came near to sounding the knell of the brave Highland Brigade.

The artillery were moving into position down the hill and out into the veldt. They were unlimbering the guns on the left as I passed, but had not opened.

The first man I met was a wounded Highlander, one of the Black Watch regiment; he was limping slightly and supporting his right elbow in the hollow of his left hand; his face wore a set, puzzled expression, and now and then he glanced back over his shoulder. I spoke to him, but he did not reply, and kept on. And now I could see them swarming back, some limping, some running, others dodging from bush to ant-hill, and almost all occasionally looking over their shoulders as the first wounded man had done. Something had gone wrong! What it was I could not tell. I stopped a bareheaded Seaforth, and asked him.

"We're a' that's left," he said, including perhaps twenty men near him with a sweep of his hand.

"We never got chance to fire a shot," said another.

They were all kilties, with the exception of one or two in the khaki of the Highland Light Infantry.

"The whole brigade is destroyed, sir; all our officers is killed," said a lad, with an awesome voice.

Some did not stop to talk, but kept on to the rear; but in an instant I gathered that the day had begun with something bordering on disaster. The firing had broken out again, and it was yet dark

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enough to see that the flashes came mostly from a line of trees and shrubbery that lay at the foot of the kopje.

But now something happened that demanded immediate attention. There came a peculiar whining sound in the air, and then another, followed by a little flip of dust from the ground near by. The crowd broke like boys who had come too near a hornets' nest. The whining, buzzing in the air grew louder, and the cracking and snapping of the rifle fire in front spread along the kopje again, and reached the low-lying ridge that stretched out toward the river some four miles away to the southeast. I thought it best to lie down. The artillery had now opened a little behind me and to the left; the shells broke into white balls of smoke against the dark-brown sides of the kopje. It was a few minutes past four o'clock, and was growing brighter every minute—the swift, oncoming rush of the South African day, when the sun licks up the dew like a thirsty animal, and the thermometer jumps from the fifties into the eighties like a rocket. Looking through the glasses at the face of the kopje, there could be plainly seen lines of stone walls, one above the other, and from them plunging rifle-shots were striking down into the plain; but there was no smoke, and nothing to mark the trenches that lay hid in the trees along the base. A little on the right I could see a regiment, apparently in open skirmishing order, drifting in an irregular broken line up toward the hidden enemy. It was the Highland Light Infantry, which had reformed and was advancing to the attack. Some were trotting forward head down, with their rifles hugged close against their chests; others went on more slowly, standing erect as if endeavoring to keep alignment. They plunged waist high into the bushes, and pressed forward without firing. There was nothing for them to fire at; they were fighting an invisible death that gave them no chance; many a man went through the long twelve hours and never saw a Boer, although at the center and the right a few prisoners were taken, and there were a few dead and wounded Boers found lying on the veldt.

I have read of the stirring scenes of the battlefield; I had pictured one in my mind as something bordering on the dramatically magnificent. But all I saw was a thin line of men in yellowish brown wading through the grass in the direction of the noise; some sank and disappeared, others turned back reeling or limping; and yet the most of them kept on, plodding forward until they broke into a run and I perceived that they were near enough to charge.

Just beyond a thicket of light-green shrub there was a cleared space of red sandy soil, bare of even the faintest trace of grass; it was like the floor of a brick-kiln. I saw many men reach this open space, and a hope rose in my heart that I would soon hear the cheer that announced that the trenches had been taken. The crushing fire redoubled from the innocent-looking bushes on the far side of the red, open ground. There were few men left in the thin line now, and I saw these pause. They ran to and fro; they appeared to be stooping and lifting; some jumped in the air; they reeled and fell, and behaved as if bewildered; and then back they came, not by twos or threes, but here and there a solitary man, and further on another; some ran zigzagging and doubling like hares; others strolled back. The space beyond, and now behind them, was littered with dust-colored heaps, some moving slightly, others lying still. And then I saw, think I saw, what was the cause of it. There appeared to be lines of wire fencing before the innocent-looking bushes, and that, maybe, was the answer to the riddle.

The fire slackened again as they withdrew, and now from the air above there came a whirring, whiffling sound, something like the puffing of an engine, and yet like the flutter of wings. It crossed overhead, and then from the face of the kopje to the westward there arose a great spurt of dust and débris two hundred feet into the air. A pale greenish vapor floated away in the wind, and then the jar of the report came. It was the great lyddite shell fired from the naval gun, over four miles in the rear. An instant later, and another followed; it struck nearer to the crest, and the huge boulders flew in all directions. The howitzer battery on the left now opened, throwing lyddite also, and soon the face of the dark hill and the line of great hummocks to the west were no places for living men. But the line of bushes that hid the enemy

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was safe from this rending shower of stones and iron. I do not think, after the very early morning hours, that there was a man to be found on the kopje side who was able to get away. Yes, there was one, a lone Boer who was apparently using black powder, and possibly the only man on that battlefield who did so. Every now and then the tiny puff of white smoke betrayed his hiding-place, but a shell fell on him and that was the end.

Only an occasional stray shot buzzed overhead or chugged into the ground. The men at the guns served them as if parts of the machine; the battery horses nibbled at the dry grass, all unconcerned, and the men at the artillery wagons in the rear sat on their horses as if they expected the General's staff to ride by. If ever the effect of discipline was clearly shown on the battlefield, it was proved by the conduct and behavior of the British Field Artillery and the Royal Horse.

Keeping a little to the westward, I came upon an officer sitting on the top of an ant-hill; it was Major Robertson, chaplain of the Highland Brigade. At first I thought he was wounded, but he declined assistance and assured me that he had merely been trampled on. In a few words he told the story of the early morning's surprise—a story that by this time is well known and long discussed.

They had been marching in quarter-column, and thought themselves at least a thousand yards from the enemy, and were about to deploy to right and left, when from the distance of two hundred yards had come the front and enfilading fire. The Black Watch, being first, had borne the brunt of it; officers and men went down in heaps. The Black Watch lost its Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, its Majors, and two Captains, killed or wounded. No flesh or blood could stand the effect of such a sudden and death-dealing surprise. The Seaforths, who were behind them, suffered almost as severely. The Argyle Sutherlands were nearly decimated, The men can hardly be blamed—it would be almost cruel to blame them—though in their wild rush they bore down their comrades behind them, fairly trampling over the Highland Light Infantry, who were brought up to the rear and were the first to reform.

It must not be thought for a moment that these regiments were not gallantly represented again in the fight; they were, all of them (with the exception of a few stragglers), more than once under fire, and more than once did they go up against the murderous burst of sound and the hail of lead that came from their invisible enemy. But how was it? How could it happen that a brigade of British infantry should march through the darkness, knowing that they were on the enemy's ground, and yet have out no skirmishers or flankers? Poor General Wauchope fell at the head of the column. How well I remember him, with his thin, smooth-shaven face and kindly eyes! I had brought letters to him from England, and he had been very nice to me. But there were many more things that apparently could not be reasoned out at the time, or explained later, that happened this day. I am no military critic, and can only record what I saw or heard.

But to get back to the top of the hill. The Scots Guards had moved up, and were lying spread out along the crest, and here I heard the rumor first of the General's death. The officers did not seem to be much depressed. As soon as the Highland Brigade had reformed and recovered they would get into the trenches—that was their opinion. But there was scarcely any reform left in the kilted regiments. Although they showed great bravery, as a fighting unit they had been practically destroyed; but we saw, now from a safe distance, many desultory charges and advances sweep up into the zone of fire.

There was never any country in the world better suited for viewing a battlefield. From the left to the right wing it was all spread out before us; and, alas! every time we saw those brave men go in, back they would come, leaving more of their numbers lying in the bullet-riddled bushes. The army balloon was rising high in the air, but too far off to be of much use. The artillery had kept up the constant pounding on the kopje and the center, but the Boers, like ourselves, had apparently got used to it, and in my opinion the shots on the left were hundreds of feet too high.

There was one shell that I shall never forget. In a little depression of the hills to the west of the big kopje lay the Boer

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laager plain in sight. When I had been forward, I had made out a big marquee tent and numerous smaller tents and wagon carts. A lyddite projectile dropped in the midst of it. What damage it did has not been ascertained at the present writing, but if there were any living thing within one hundred yards of the spot it must have suffered. And this much I will say: never did any trained troops that wore a uniform stand such a terrible bombardment as these motley Dutch farmers did this day. If they had had artillery (which they had not until after six o'clock in the evening), I would not like to think what the result would have been; but this much is certain: the English regular never had such a problem placed before him in all the history of England's wars, and I doubt if any troops ever had to face it heretofore—fighting an obstinate, brave foe, keen-sighted, invisible, and determined.

There is one hour of the fight that I missed. Overcome, perhaps, by the heat, and the fact that I had had little or no rest the night before (like many others who had more serious work before them), I crawled in under a bush and fell asleep. Somehow it seemed impossible for me to keep awake; if I rested for a moment, my head would fall to nodding. When I awoke, I was much refreshed, although I had rested but an hour.

It was eleven o'clock or a little after, and one of the crucial points in the battle. The sun was glaring hot, and the heat shimmered so over the veldt that it was almost impossible to use field-glasses. Every object at a distance was distorted, or surrounded with prismatic colors; even the face of the distant kopje wavered and quivered under the glare. A number of springbox, frightened by the din and turmoil, darted in and out of the withered grass. A little fawn ran through the line of reserves; some of the men tried to catch her as she passed. Every bush, out in the open, sheltered groups of wounded men, stragglers, and horses. The firing had redoubled at the center and right; the cry came down the line of the waiting men who had not yet taken part in the struggle that the enemy had been outflanked! The artillery were firing lower now, and the shells were bursting over the line of trees and throwing up red clouds of dust. Every minute we expected to see the Boers leave the trenches; it seemed impossible that any could live beneath that artillery fire.

All the sleepers had awakened; there were some excited cries, and as we looked off to the right we saw the hill dotted with figures. The British were falling back! Mounted men galloped to and fro, endeavoring to rally them, and a few gallant fellows began to advance, stemming the current. On the left I saw four Highlanders, ten paces apart, going slowly forward; one fell, and the three went on; two were down, and one single man stood there alone. At last down he went also, but he struggled to his feet, and, turning, looked back. Then, without a moment's hesitation, as if he were an army in himself, head down, he charged across that deadly stretch of open. They crumpled him up before he had gone ten feet! Later in the day, when I had again gone out near to the firing-line, I could see the brave fellow lying where he fell. But the tide had been turned; the almost exhausted men had been stopped; there had been nothing like a panic—they acted as if tired.

As if by common consent, a lull now followed. Strange to say, it was the midday meal hour. The men opened their haversacks, but the cry near the front was for water. And here let me state that many a black-skinned driver, be he Basuto, Zulu, Kaffir, or Cape boy, deserved honorable mention for distinguished bravery. They took risks with the fighting forces, and I shall not forget the sight of two brave men—warriors they may have been when home with their own tribes—urging their teams up to the firing-line. Some of the Highlanders were so parched with thirst that they could hardly speak; their water-bottles had long been exhausted—fighting is thirsty work. Until the arrival of an officer, a struggling, pushing crowd surrounded the first water-cart.

Again I left the hill, for it looked as if things were going smoothly on the right, and during the lull that lasted from twelve till half-past one I worked forward, until at last I reached the ground a mile to the south and east of the kopje where the ground had apparently been fought over in the early morning. The bearers in the Army Medical Corps had done wonders,

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but the dead and dying had not all been carried in—there were not enough stretchers to go round. A sergeant of the Seaforths, shot through the head, was pulling at the grass with his bloody hands; he was grateful for a drop of warm water, the last left in my bottle. I asked him his name, but I could not understand his answer.

I do not think that one grows exactly callous of suffering on the battlefield, but one quickly grows accustomed to it; one gives a direction to a wounded man, endeavoring to reach the dressing station, much as one would direct a stranger who had lost his way in the city. It was here that I saw the first Boer that I had seen during the day. He was dead, and lay stretched out with his face turned up to the sun; whether he had fallen there or had died while being carried prisoner into our lines, I could not tell. Not far off lay a private of the Seaforths; his khaki coat had been cut away from him, and his chest and arm were swathed in temporary bandages. Although evidently in pain, he appeared quite bright and cheerful. He showed me his cartridge-box, which had been hit by a Mauser bullet that in its passage had struck the primer of one of his own cartridges, the ball of which had entered his shoulder, the explosion tearing him badly. He also had a bullet-hole through his helmet; but he could not get over the surprise of the fact that his own cartridge had wounded him. He kept telling the story in broad Scotch over and over, ending by presenting me, as a souvenir, the shell that had done the damage.

Turning to the hill again, and then going back a few hundred yards, I came to the dressing station, where the Red Cross flag was planted behind a line of dense bushes. Men lay all around with bandages on legs and heads and arms; others were waiting to be attended to, and more were coming in every minute. It was almost a mile to the field hospital. An ambulance was making its slow journey over the uneven veldt, but many wounded were walking back, some smoking their pipes, others who were slightly wounded in the legs being helped by their companions or limping painfully along. Not a groan did I hear, but there was much conversation about the battle, and even now and then a laugh. And here I noticed a strange thing—that the wounded men who had not yet been attended to wore a frightened expression, while those who came out from under the doctors' hands appeared quite contented, if not cheerful.

Men were coming up every minute asking for stretchers; but, alas! there were too few, and the bearers who carried them, brave fellows all, took their lives in their hands when they entered the thickets along the ridges of the hill.

Keeping off to the left after leaving the hospital, I saw a battalion of Highlanders coming up from the rear; they were a part of the Gordons that had not yet been in action. As they approached they deployed and spread out into a long, thin line, about ten paces apart. On they came until they had swept past. Some one cried out, "Don't be afraid to hunt for cover in there, lads." I heard the sergeant call some by name to close up and keep the line. The captain, dressed exactly like one of his men and carrying a rifle, was walking a few paces to the front; he was a large, fine-looking man with curly hair. I remembered having seen him at the headquarters at Modder.

"Come on, Gordons!" he shouted.

And on they went. Think of it! going, in extended order, against trenches that sheltered an invisible enemy, probably ten times their number!

In less than ten minutes nearly one-fourth of those brave fellows were killed or wounded! I had scarcely the heart to watch them, but I did. On they kept going. Here and there a man fell, and in some cases four or five together; they reached the green bushes; a few reached the red sand; and then they drifted back, what was left of them, like the rest.

I was present the next morning at the burial of the brave Captain Wingate, he who had said, "Come on, Gordons!" And beside him they laid young Lieutenant Browning, whom I had met and chatted with the day before.

Almost sick at this apparently needless slaughter of brave men, I went back to the reserves.

The Lancers on the distant hill and front went off to the right in a gallop, and then came the worst time of the day, when it looked bad indeed for General Lord Methuen's column. All the forces on the left and center began to come back; few

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ran, but back they came, steadily and surely. It looked as if "retreat" had been sounded. The officers, what few there were left, ran here and there endeavoring to rally them by platoons and companies. A piper—one of the Argyles, I think—tried to tune up his pipes, but his lips were too dry, and a Major placed his own water-bottle in his hand. Soon the screel began. "Hey, Johnnie Cope, air ye waukin' yet?"—somebody said that was the tune. The men gathered round him as he stood there playing, marking time with the stamping of his foot. And now the tide was stemmed once more; the men were sifted into regiments and then into companies; for some there were no officers. Parched with thirst and wearied with the long fight, they stood there in the lines mopping their faces and foreheads on their coat-sleeves. All this time the artillery, although practically unsupported, stood their ground, and whether it was from their fire or from the Boers' natural aversion to showing themselves, the enemy did not advance.

In a few minutes there came the second lull of the day. It was between four and five o'clock when the reserves moved down from the hill expecting to go in. Some of the officers bade me a cheerful good-by, and the long line swept on. There was no firing now except distant shots on the extreme right two miles away. The reserves passed by the remnants of some of the Highland regiments, and entered the bushes, where they lay down in a long line less than eight hundred yards from the trenches near the foot of the kopje. For some reason they were not fired upon, and the Argyles and Sutherlands moved up on the left of their line.

The junior subaltern of the Argyles was a friend of mine. We had lunched together and swam in the river, and I had grown to like him hugely. Anxious about his fate, and thinking I could hear some news, I went on to the front. The firing had ceased completely, and the rumor was spreading that the Boers were leaving the trenches. I found Cuthbertson lying in the bush, alive and well. He did not have much to say. The day before he had been a talkative, gay-hearted boy, but now he was a grown man, a soldier who had seen death all around him; that ages men quickly. Three of his regiment had been shot dead on his left hand, and two on his right; he had the brand of a Mauser bullet across his finger. It was not known whether orders would be given to rush the trenches that night after darkness, or to wait again until early morning, but there was little rush left in the regiments that had borne the brunt of the battle. From the rear the regimental wagons and water-carts were approaching; the men watched their slow advance with expectant eyes.

Wondering how it was that the Boers were leaving us unmolested, I turned my field-glasses on the kopje, and there I saw what I had not seen once during the whole day. I could see the enemy, some on horseback and some on foot, running back through the nek; the sun occasionally glistened upon a rifle-barrel or bit of metal. Half-way up the hill in a hollow the Boer laager showed plainly; some big wagons were moving there. It looked as if the next morning would see the British in possession! The long line of the Guards swept from the right of the Argyles over to the Field Artillery, and held its post under the slope of the hill.

I started to the rear, and soon passed through the line of oncoming wagons. The water-carts which were in the van were already surrounded by a crowd of jostling Highlanders. Suddenly there came the well-known whirring in the air, and in the only open space in all that crowded plain a shell struck and burst harmlessly. The Boers had mounted a gun! The shot had come almost from the center of their laager. The wagons stopped; the drivers turned the mules about. Again there came the flutter in mid-air, and a shell burst directly over the crowd about the nearest water-cart. It was a straight shot; one Gordon fell killed and six were wounded.

And now there was an orderly drifting backwards of all forces, and a third shell burst overhead, but did no damage. The field battery on our right replied with a single shot—the last fired that day. It was growing dusk. The Highland regiments were returning, but the Scots Guards held their ground. G Company was protecting the battery. And here let me state, what I did not learn until the following morning: the shot they had fired was not only the last one of the battle, but the last one they had! Their horses had been sent

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back to the river for water. G Company of the Scots Guards protected those harmless pieces the whole night long. If the Boers had known this and had advanced, nothing could have saved the guns.

The forces halted some two miles in the rear of what had been their advanced position, and went into camp. Until long after midnight stragglers kept coming in. At roll-call, in the Black Watch alone, three hundred and seventy-three men failed to answer to their names; but many turned up before morning. At the field hospital on the right the surgeons had no rest. Not a hundred feet from the hospital tents were many new-made shallow graves.

I saw poor Captain Wingate and Browning laid away shortly after sunrise, shrouded in their brown blankets. It was a sight I shall never forget; a guard of wearied Highlanders presenting arms, two tall officers standing bareheaded, paying the last tribute to their departed friends and comrades, and a lone piper playing the wail that has seen many a good man put under ground—"Lochaber No More." One of the sturdy privates was sobbing loudly, for the attachment of the Highland clans to their leaders remains the same as it did in the old days of the Stewarts.

A truce had been concluded at daybreak, and parties were out searching for the dead and wounded. Three or four big ambulances were lurching about against the sky-line where the hardest fighting had taken place. General Cronje had sent out a Boer doctor, a man of intelligence and humanity. He had little to say of the losses on his side, and as I write they are unknown. But it was rumored that one lyddite shell had killed or wounded some seventy-eight men—almost a whole commando. Unfortunately, the naval gun so many miles away opened fire on the kopje; the officers in command had not been informed of the armistice. The shells raised the usual clouds of dust on the face of the bare hill, but did something more: drew the fire of a big Boer gun, a forty-pounder that had been mounted during the night. The naval gun fired four shots, the Boer gun three, one at the armored train that had crept down the track; and then all was silence until eleven o'clock, when the Guards marched back from their shelter, escorting the guns they had been so bravely protecting.

Thus ended the battle of Magersfontein. Nearly eight hundred brave soldiers of the Queen, one General, and fifty-six officers had fallen before that awful rifle fire. It had been fine shooting for the Boers, a grand battue!

Late on Tuesday afternoon I attended the burial of General Wauchope. Near where he lay were the graves of seven other officers, and in a huge trench in the rear were placed the bodies of twenty-seven Black Watch, dressed just as they had fallen, and further back fifteen Seaforths and some Argyles and Sutherlands, with a few of the Highland Light Infantry. Chaplain Robertson made a most impressive prayer. The pipes wailed again, and back to their tents to rest marched the Highland Brigade. Only one Colonel left in four regiments; some companies with only one or two officers! Many tents held less than half the men they had sheltered two nights before.

And now what is the result? In a nutshell, this: No matter how many men it may cost (and it will take many of her best and bravest), England will win; but, beyond doubt, long before this sees print, she will have changed her methods of fighting. It is useless to use brave men as if bravery were their only weapon. A half-grown lad of sixteen, filled with the spirit of a fighting ancestry, with his cheek laid close to the butt of a Mauser, lying intrenched and invisible, is as good, as I said before, as five brave Highlanders advancing out of the open. The Boers have learned this, and the British are gaining their knowledge at dear cost. Perhaps in the next actions to come we may see some efforts at investment or flank-turning. The Boer knows his ground, and his style of fighting suits it. The methods of Quatre-Bras and Waterloo belong to the bygone age. The English troops are neither demoralized nor frightened. But England has just begun to realize the bigness of the work. It is serious business. It is no little war. Cape Colony, as I write, is full of slumbering sedition. Rebellion was nipped in the bud and is now held in check only by stringent measures. The triumph of the Dutch Africander would mean the extinction of English-speaking influence.

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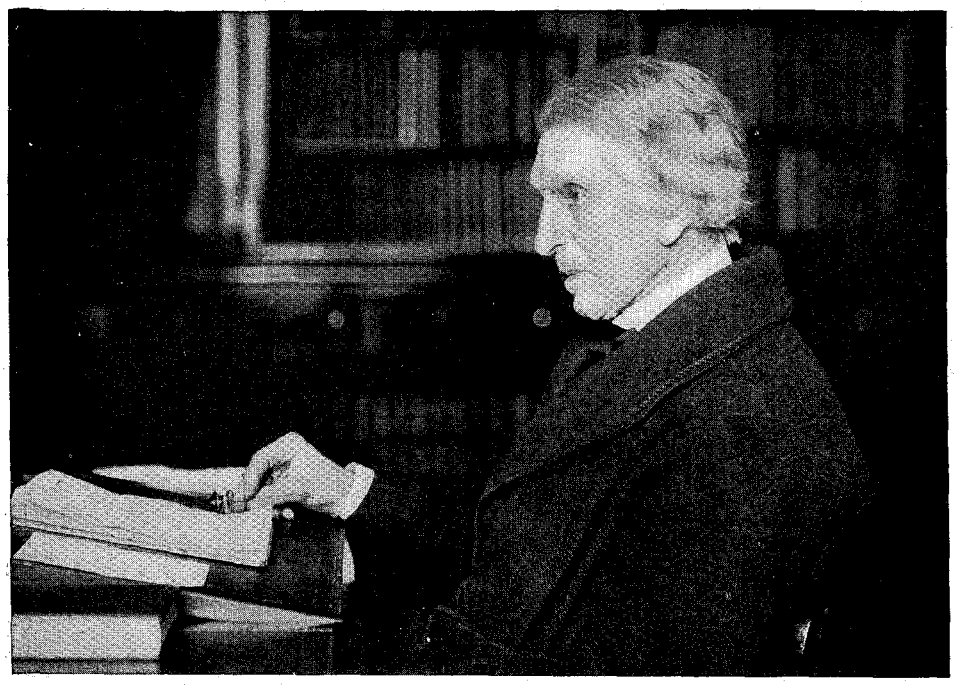

DR. MARTINEAU AT HIS DESK

JAMES MARTINEAU

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

IT seems to me that there is something picturesque in Dr. Martineau's biography from the very beginning. To us Unitarians at least, Norwich in England is a place of special interest. Henry Bathurst, the Bishop of Norwich when Martineau was born, was one of the real free-lances of the English Church—the only liberal bishop of his time, and, to speak frankly, as good a Unitarian as there is to-day. But Norwich had also been from an early time the center of the Unitarian heresy in England, and in one of the old Unitarian families of Norwich James Martineau was born. I do not know that they had anything to do with Dr. Bathurst, or he with them. After the death of Bishop Bathurst, which took place in 1837, Dr. Stanley, Dean Stanley's father, was made Bishop of Norwich. And in the first volume of Arthur Stanley's life there is a curious note, describing his first introduction to Harriet Martineau, and the surprise with which he acquainted himself with such people.

The family is French. You could almost guess that, as you read what James Martineau and his sister have written. They were Huguenots, driven from France in 1684. The first emigrant married a French lady—one of his "co-religionists" named Pierre. For a century his descendants were surgeons in Norwich; as soon as there was any Unitarian chapel there they were Unitarians. Thomas Martineau, the father of James, broke the line of surgeons, and became a successful manufacturer of woolen cloths.

He had a large family of children, of whom Harriet was the fifth and James the sixth—born in 1805. I had fancied that she had a great deal to do with his earlier education. But as she was but three years older than he, this can hardly be so. The earlier plans for the boy were that he should be engaged in some work of engineering or other application of

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science. But he was at the school of Dr. Lant Carpenter, a distinguished Unitarian of Bristol in England, and he was sent to Manchester New College, which was wholly under Unitarian influences. (Observe that he could not at that time be entered as a student either at Oxford or Cambridge unless he believed in the Athanasian Creed, or said he did.) Quite early in life, therefore, he chose the duty and profession of a minister, in which he continued until his death.

The first which we heard of him in America was as one of a little cluster of three men who were our Unitarian ministers in Liverpool in the year 1839. I have forgotten the details of the almost chivalrous contest in which these three gentlemen engaged; but I know this, that a half-dozen, more or less, of what were called the Evangelical churches undertook to have some sermons or meetings for the purpose of showing the fallacy of the Unitarian principles of Christianity. These three men, Martineau, Taylor, and Giles, announced that they would reply week by week to the sermons delivered week by week by their antagonists; and our side of what we call "the Liverpool controversy" is still a book which our old-fashioned people like to refer to.

I do not know, but I suppose that the sermons of Martineau's which we printed in that series called attention to him in England, first among the Unitarian churches, and very soon elsewhere. This was in 1839. He published his first hymn-book the next year, and in 1843 published a volume of sermons, very well known and very much read a generation ago, called "Endeavors after the Christian Life." A second series was published in 1847. To my mind, they are to this hour among his most valuable works. Whoever reads them feels how real a man he is, how complete and practical his faith, and how ready his application to daily life of the most profound spiritual truth.

I heard him myself for the first time in 1859. By this time his name was known and he was honored in England and in our larger England. I find in a letter of my own, written at the time, this account of the service:

> So young was the aspect of the preacher that I supposed at first that some younger brother was to read the service and Mr. Martineau or Mr. Taylor to preach. But the reader passed into the pulpit, and then it only needed a sentence to show that it was no 'prentice hand to whom I listened, and that the veritable James Martineau of our enthusiasm was before me. In this country, where the Prime Minister is on the edge of eighty, Mr. Martineau has a right to look as young as if he were in the senior class of a divinity school. I have said that he read the service; it is the Common Prayer considerably abridged. The choir sang the psalms, excepting that the congregation read one of them alternately with him.

Looking back on this letter, I am rather interested in seeing that the sermon

> was chiefly directed to a delicate dissection of that secularism which seeks to work for the direct reformation of visible evils so straightforwardly that it neglects the spiritual power which is the only sufficient remedy. "It is the ambition of men to work by sight; it is more often the method of God to lead them by ways they have not known."

From that time to this time I have always seen Dr. Martineau, if it were possible, when I was in England, and, like all men who have met with him, I look back with the greatest pleasure on every interview. I heard a friend say last week that he never liked to write on a subject which Martineau had handled, because Martineau's work and thought were so finished that no one else had any right to speak after him. The remark threw me back on memories of his daily conversation, indeed of his daily life, so far as such a stranger could see it. He seemed interested in everything, and yet he spoke of nothing superficially. You felt that he gave his whole attention through and through to the matter he had in hand.

Some one told me that he fitted up at one time a laboratory in his house, where he could himself repeat the crucial or critical experiments in chemistry on which were founded one of the steps forward in the science of the time; perhaps it was at the time when the "correlation of forces" was brought forward—that is the way it lies in my memory. When the Clarendon Press at Oxford made a very absurd blunder by publishing, as "Origen's Philosophumene," Hippolytus's treatise on Heresies, I suppose there were perhaps ten men in England who at once detected the error. Of the ten, Martineau was the one who published the article which discusses the whole subject and makes the whole business absolutely clear. Here

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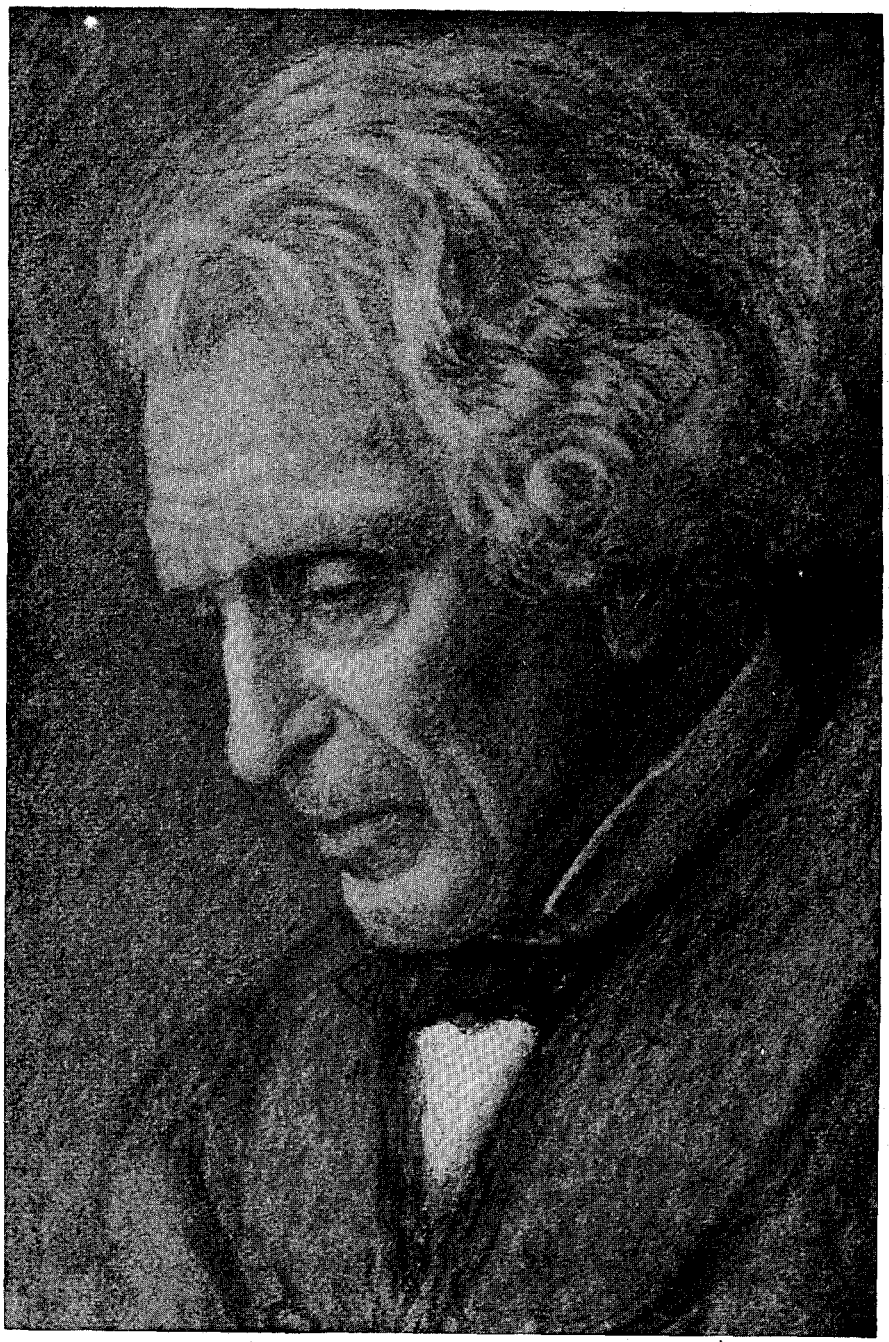

JAMES MARTINEAU
From a crayon drawing.

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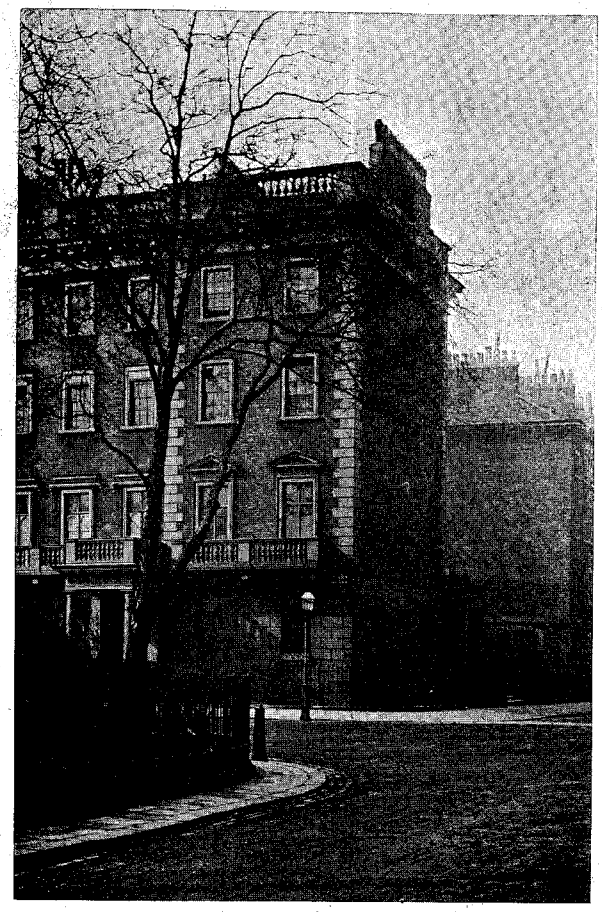
was a piece of delicate second-century criticism, such as one would have naturally thrown on a professor of New Testament Greek or of ecclesiastical history, but which you would hardly have offered to a working clergyman preparing in every week for such sermons as Martineau was delivering.

Familiar acquaintance with him suggested just this same precision or certainty, one might say, of his mental action. He was a charming talker, with the vein of humor which seems always to belong to greatness. He would tell a Scotch ghost story in such a way as to make your flesh crawl, and you wanted him to do nothing but tell ghost stories from that moment. And so of whatever subject happened to take his attention at that moment. He was not in the least a dictator in conversation; and whether you met him at the hospitable round tea-table of his own house or at a formal dinner-party, there was, in all the courtly elegance of what people call an old-fashioned manner, the cordiality and sympathy and interest which not only made you feel completely at ease, but made you wish that the evening might never be done.



DR. MARTINEAU'S RESIDENCE
35 Gordon Square, London, W. C.

He was an aristocrat through and through. That is to say, though on principle and theoretically democratic, he sympathized in the old-fashioned way of handling the outside of things, and did not care who knew that he did. He wrote to me once, after a Liberal Ministry had been turned out, that of course one was glad of any repairs or reforms in the State, but that his feeling was rather that of a person the tiles of whose roofs have needed repair; he is very glad when the tiles are mended, and he is glad to be well rid of the tiler, perhaps for some years. In this case Mr. Gladstone was the tiler, and Martineau was glad to drop back to the quiet of an unreforming government. Somebody said very well of the two men that Martineau, who was Liberal of the Liberals in his theology, was absolutely conservative in his view of English politics, while Gladstone, who was Liberal of the Liberals in his politics, was absolutely conservative in his ecclesiasticism. This remark is true, and worth a little meditation.

He was one of the founders of the Metaphysical Society in 1869. Hallam Tennyson says that the club owed its existence to Mr. Knowles, that it was "entirely through his father's adhesion to the plan" that it was set on foot. My own supposition had been that Stanley had as much to do with this as any one; certain it is that Knowles placed his own name very modestly below those of Gladstone and Manning and others on the list signed in the minute-book. The first five names are Stanley, Seeley, Noel, James Martineau, and W. B. Carpenter. The club lasted for eleven years, and the last meeting was held at Martineau's house.

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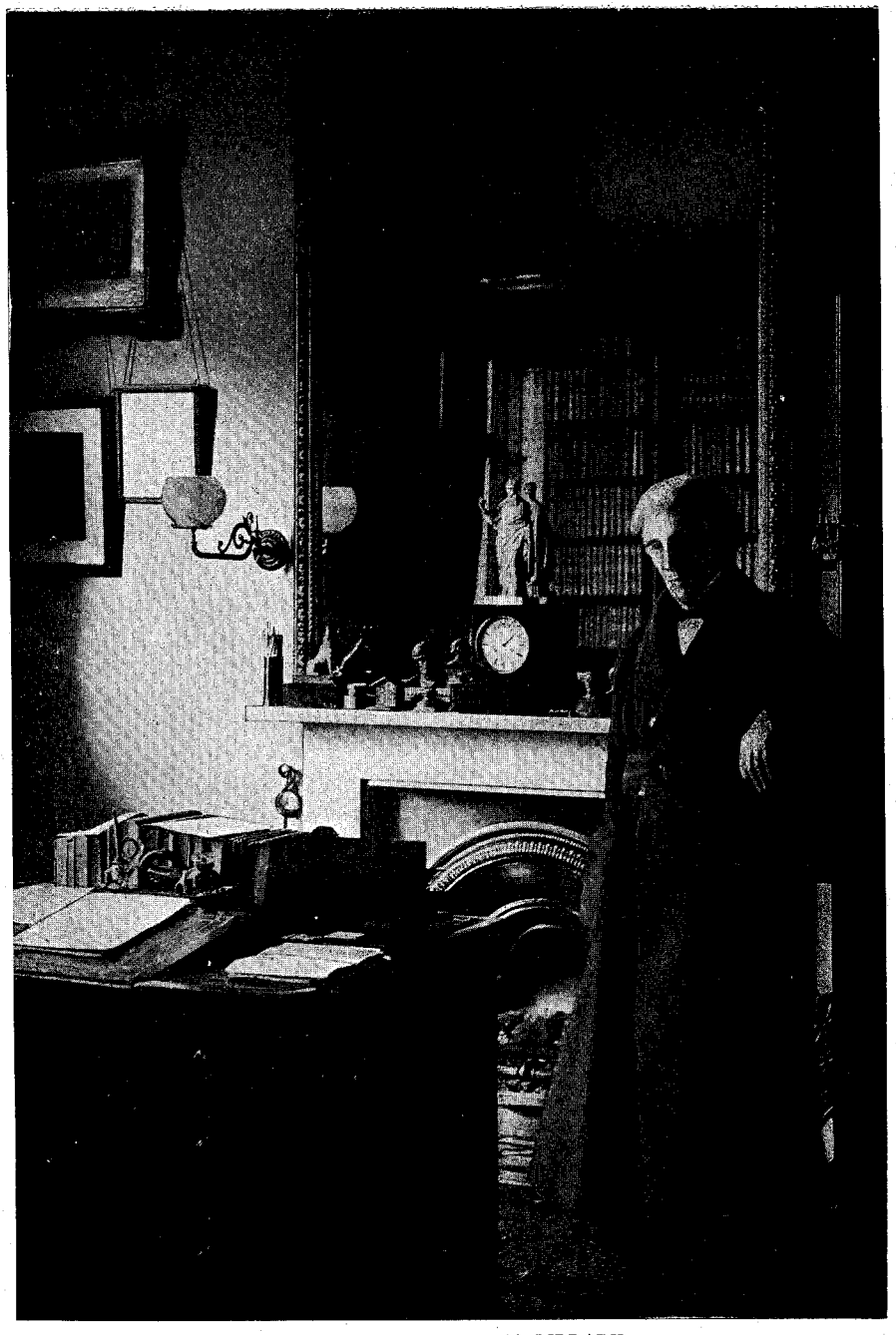

DR. MARTINEAU IN HIS LIBRARY

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Huxley said it died of too much love; Tennyson declared that it perished because no one in ten years had succeeded in even defining the term metaphysics. It was intended at first that no distinct and avowed opposition to Christianity should be invited, but before they went far it was felt that the opposition to Christianity ought to be fully and fairly represented.

In Hallam Tennyson's Life of his father there is this curious letter from Martineau, which is worth quoting in illustration of what has been said regarding the care which he chose to give to every subject which came under his hand. He would handle nothing which he did not handle with both hands:

> I was aware that my last book did not meet with your father's approval. I need not say what support I should have found in his sympathy. The message, however, which he sent me, that his objection had reference, not to the book itself, but to the act of publishing it, somewhat consoled me, by showing that we differed less about the *quest* of truth than about its *presentation;* his tenderness towards others' beliefs leading him to favor esoteric teaching as distinct from the exoteric. So long as for certain subjects Latin remained the literary language of Europe, it was easy to address a selected audience by writing *ad cleros* in Latin, *ad populum* in the vernacular tongue. But now that every book must be accessible to every reader, the choice lies between total suppression or free utterance of conviction. I cannot see that we are intrusted with any right of suppression when once profoundly convinced of a truth not yet within others' reach.

Enough has been said to show why he did not unite with the people who are seeking the disestablishment of the English Church; he would rather have had the range of the English Church made wider than it is, so that it might include all Christian men; and his definition of Christian men would have been a very wide one. Enough also has been said, perhaps, to show why different men who are grateful to him express their gratitude in very various terms. Bishop Brooks told me once that when he was in the divinity school no author was so much read as Martineau. I may say that Brooks was certainly better acquainted with Martineau's works than I am; and in such intimacy as I have had with Christian preachers of different bodies I should say that his books are now more largely read by men who care anything about the philosophy of religion than those of any other author known to me.

In his earlier writings he describes, in an almost prophetic way, his own subsequent history. He used to provoke the men who were trying to introduce religion into the "slums," as our modern phrase has it, among the poorest, wickedest, and vilest people, by saying that we should never do anything which came to much account among such people until we had reformed the religion of those who were to teach them, and that the business of devout and careful thinkers now is not so much to go into the slums as to try to improve the character of the Christianity which should be carried into the slums.

Among fifty other subjects to which he gave a great deal of study and personal care was the hymnology of the language. He spent nearly two years in steady work on his own second book of "Hymns of Prayer and Praise," and it is at this moment one of the authorities on that subject. I suppose that a hundred years hence he will be remembered more in such of his written prayers as will survive than for any of his metaphysical works. He was devout in every fiber of his being. He sought God with all his heart, and he found him as those do find him who seek for him with all their hearts. His service-books for public prayer are very widely used in liberal churches, but more tender than they are some of the personal prayers such as man or woman is glad to use in crises of joy or crises of sorrow—prayers which he has succeeded in writing down as very few people can.

The illustrations of this article are from photographs taken under the direction of a member of the Outlook staff, in the spring of 1896, by Mr. Arthur P. Monger, of London. Dr. Martineau and the members of his household were most gracious in affording opportunity for making these pictures. The crayon portrait hangs on the wall in the drawing-room. It was made by one of the younger members of the family.

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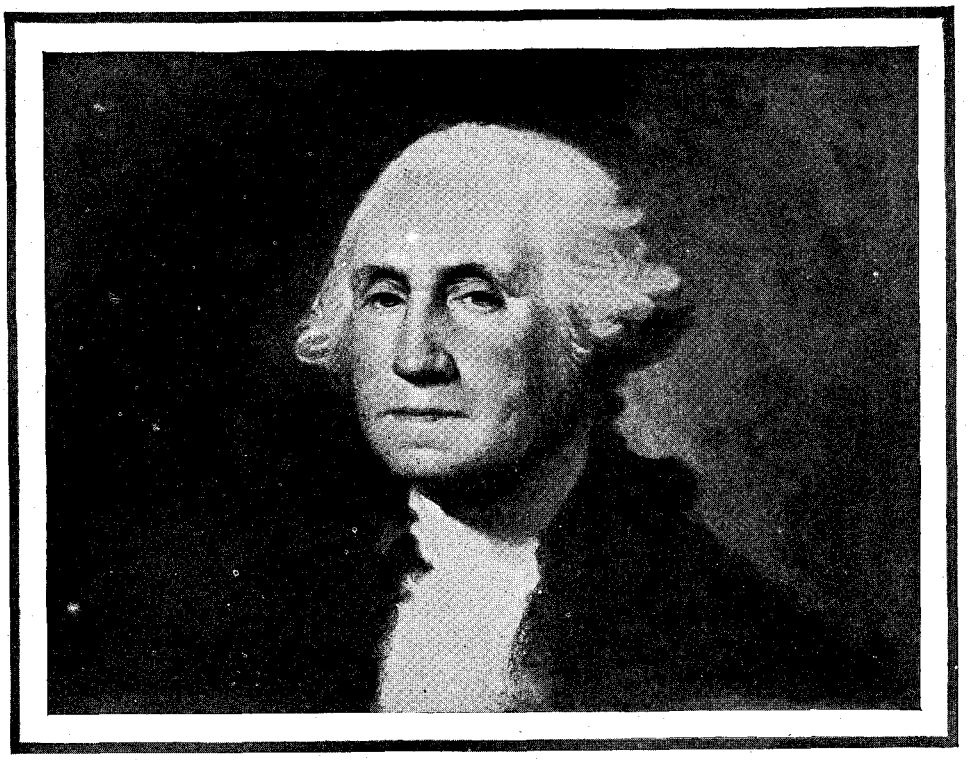

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

1800-1900

BY FRANK W. CRANE

WHEN President John Adams issued his proclamation one hundred years ago, recommending that the "people of the United States assemble on the 22d day of February, in such numbers and manner as may be convenient, publicly to testify their grief for the death of General George Washington, by suitable eulogies, orations, and discourses, or by public prayers," he touched the bereaved heart of the Nation, and it responded with an outburst of patriotic sentiment such as had never been seen before. The Republic was still in its infancy. To outward appearances it had grown but little since the day when the British left the colonists to manage their own affairs. Three additions, those of Kentucky, Vermont, and Tennessee, had been made to the original thirteen States, and their entire population was barely five millions. Yet in every town and border village were seen the evidences of mourning, and many a maimed veteran of the Revolution took to himself the orders of the Secretary of War to the army, and wore a band of crape upon his left arm for a period of six months.

The editor of a New York newspaper late in December, 1799, voiced the popular feeling when he said: "Amidst the threatening storms of foreign violence, amidst the more dangerous convulsions of party rage, it was still our consolation that Washington lived. His reputation was a bulwark and a shield, under whose broad and protecting shade America reposed with unbounded confidence. He led our armies amidst the perils of revolution to victory. His arm achieved our independence. His virtues, his wisdom, his name alone, kept the jarring elements of

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our confederation from bursting asunder, hushed to peace the voice of discord, and consolidated these States under one firm and fair fabric of government. For these purposes Heaven kindly lent him to us, to make us a nation and to render us prosperous, powerful, and happy. Having accomplished his high errand, he is now recalled, and we are overwhelmed with grief."

Similar expressions are to be found in every newspaper then published. News traveled slower in 1800 than in these days of 1900, and it was well into the new year before the death of Washington was announced to the inhabitants of distant localities. From the middle of December, 1799, to the middle of March, 1800, the newspapers fairly teemed with tributes to Washington, accounts of funeral processions, theatrical performances where dirges were sung and the stage made somber with heavy drapings of black, while, in addition, there were innumerable odes and elegiac poems, the majority of which were conspicuous for nothing but crude expressions of sorrow and a proper repetition of the name of Washington. It was probably the receipt of a particularly large batch of poems from his kind-hearted subscribers that led the editor of the New York "Commercial Advertiser" to print the following remarkable notice early in January:

"To all immigrants who have at least one shirt to their back and want another; to all scribblers and poetasters, great and small, foreign or native, who intend to become famous and rich by making ballads on General Washington's death, or by writing his life; it is humbly recommended that instead of daubing the memory and character of that illustrious man, they set themselves to solve the following question, Whether a person can grin when he has no teeth?"

With the entire Nation practically in a state of mourning, it is not surprising that the birthday of Washington a century ago was observed in a manner totally different from all previous years. The 22d of February began to partake of holiday features in 1784, and it quickly took rank with the Fourth of July as a day for the exhibition of patriotic enthusiasm in all sorts of festivities. Now all this was changed, and even the customary feasts in the village tavern, where a toast was always drunk for every State in the Union, were abandoned. The church bells tolled at half-hour intervals, every shipping town saw the colors on the vessels in the harbor at half-mast, and at all the military posts guns were fired at certain hours from sunrise to sunset. That the contrast was a marked one is clear from a brief account in a Boston newspaper of February 24, 1800, describing the events in that city:

"Saturday last was the anniversary birthday of the late General George Washington, which has for many years past been observed throughout the United States with hilarity and pleasure. But a different scene now presented itself; our joy was turned into mourning, and our pleasure into pain. In obedience to the recommendation of Congress and our own Legislature, the day was in every respect appropriate to the solemn occasion. The stores and shops were closed, the wharves forsaken, and all business was voluntarily suspended. The former part of the day was seriously devoted to religious exercises by the several societies, which assembled at the different places of worship at ten o'clock."

Most important, perhaps, of these services was the one held in the Brattle Street Church, where the Rev. Dr. Peter Thacher preached the sermon before the Legislature and other State officials. Dr. Thacher had taken an active part in encouraging his fellow-townsmen during their struggle for independence, and was called the most forcible pulpit speaker at that time in Boston. His funeral sermon preached barely six months before in memory of Increase Sumner, the deceased Governor of Massachusetts, had hardly been forgotten, and now he was called upon to speak of the life and the deeds of the man who had been honored with the highest public offices in the gift of the people. Dr. Thacher chose his text well, it being the twenty-fifth verse of the thirty-fifth chapter of II. Chronicles: "And Jeremiah lamented for Josiah: and all the singing men and the singing women spake of Josiah in their lamentations to this day, and made them an ordinance in Israel: and, behold, they are written in the lamentations."

In the afternoon the Mechanics' Association marched in solemn procession from

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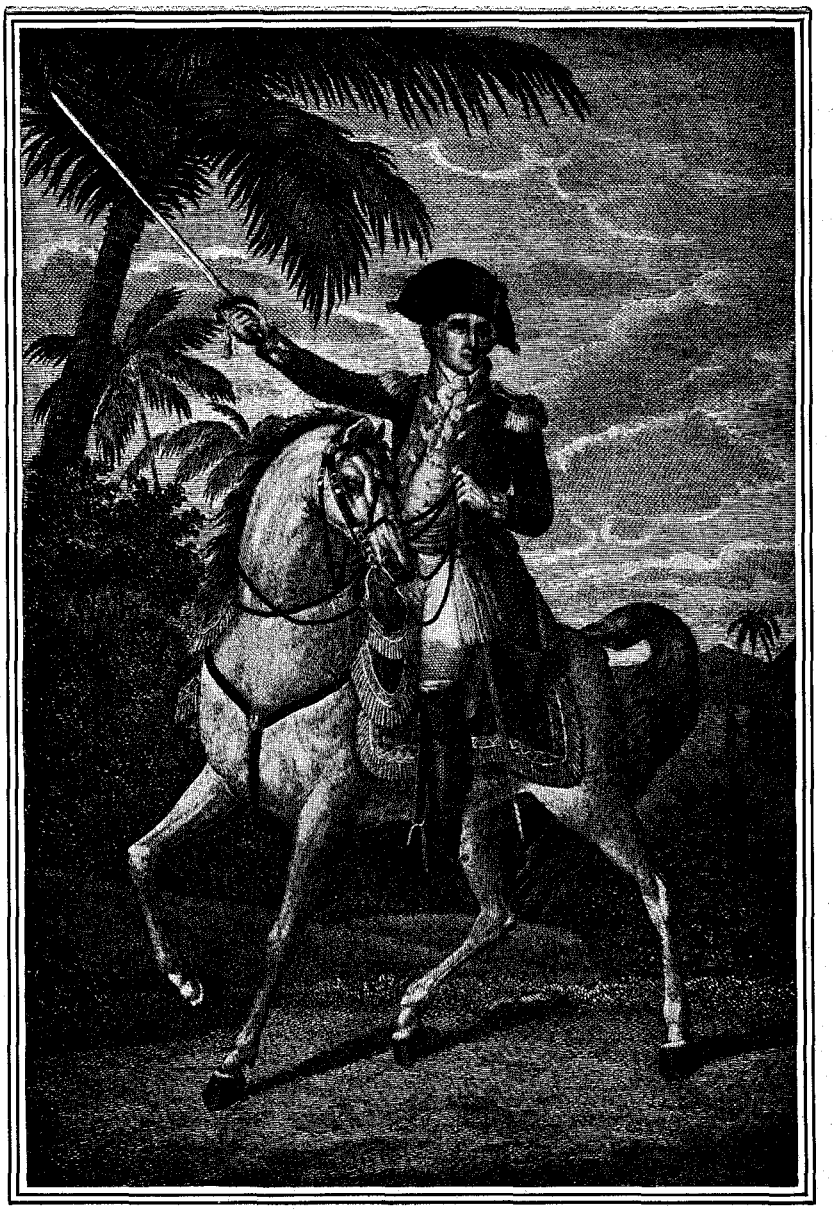

AN OLD GERMAN ENGRAVING OF WASHINGTON

the State House to the Old South Church, where an oration " commemorative of the sublime virtues, unexampled services, and luminous talent of the late George Washington " was given by Joseph Tuckerman, then a young man just out of Harvard, and whose valuable services in the use of charity for the poor had not yet commenced. Indeed, Boston did not suffer from a dearth of Washington eulogies, for nearly a dozen were published during the month of February. The proprietor of the Columbian Museum, which, next to the Theater, was the most important place of Bostonian amusement, was thoroughly alive to the occasion, and, in advertising his special attractions for February 22, states that "solemn music will be performed on the organ, and the elegant monument erected to the memory of the late President of the United States will be illuminated with sixteen candles for that evening only in a circle round the urn. No children will be admitted, as

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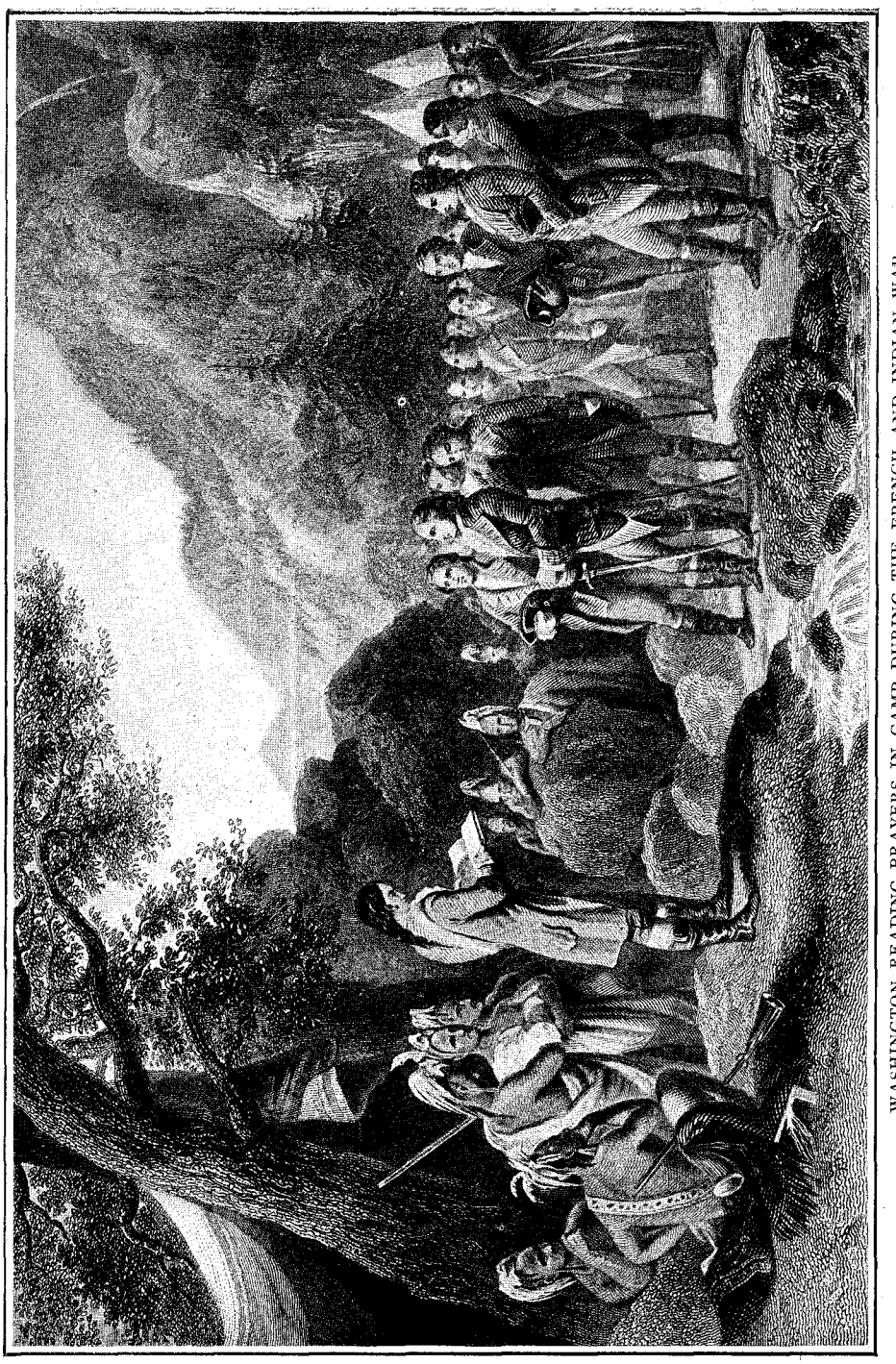

WASHINGTON READING PRAYERS IN CAMP DURING THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR
From an old print.

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the solemnity of the occasion requires as much silence as possible."

Charles Willson Peale, the portrait-painter, whose famous museum in Philadelphia attained a National reputation, advertised that he would exhibit a transparent painting of Washington; and it is pleasant to know that it "drew a large concourse of spectators."

Many of the residents of Philadelphia, we are informed, "kept their houses shut and abstained from all business during the day." The Society of the Cincinnati, with a number of army and navy officers, attended services in the German Lutheran Church, where, two months before, General Henry Lee had delivered his stirring eulogy before Congress and the Senate, as Philadelphia was then the Capital of the United States. The most elaborate exercises were conducted by the Society of Freemasons, of which Washington had been a member. The members assembled at the State House, and, wearing their regalia and badges of mourning, marched to Zion Church. Four brothers carried a large monumental device, on the base of which stood a golden urn, over which hovered an eagle with wings expanded and holding in its beak a scroll in the form of a heart. The Rev. Dr. Samuel Magaw, who was a member of the first class graduated by the University of Pennsylvania, preached the sermon. An account of these proceedings published two days later concludes as follows:

"Although thousands of spectators assembled upon the occasion, no accident took place; all were anxious to witness the ceremonies of the day, and although all could not be gratified, the arrangements made were such as gave the greatest possible satisfaction and tended to preserve that harmony so many wished for, by those who partook of the last sad tribute of respect paid by a grateful people to the memory of the man so justly styled the founder of the American empire."

The theatrical performance in the evening was in keeping with the mournful character of the day. Every seat was filled, for it was an event long to be remembered. Some of the features were a repetition of the performance at the new Park Street Theater in New York late in December, 1799, when that house was reopened after it had been closed a week in respect to the death of Washington. The pillars, boxes, and chandeliers were draped with black, and, to quote from a description in one of the papers two days later, when the curtain rose there was seen "a tomb in the center of the stage in the Grecian style of architecture, supported by trusses. In the center of it was a portrait of the General, encircled by a wreath of oaken leaves; under the portrait, a sword, shield, and helmet, and the colors of the United States. The top was in the form of a pyramid, in the front of which appeared the American eagle weeping tears of blood for the loss of her General, and holding in her beak a scroll on which was inscribed 'A NATION'S TEARS.' The sides of the stage were decorated with black banners containing the names of the several States of the Union in golden letters, over which mourning trophies were suspended."

In New York the theater was closed on the birthday night, but on the previous evening an allegory entitled "Americans Reanimated, or The Statue of Washington" was performed. The shopkeepers closed their stores, and the old-fashioned quiet of a Sabbath day hovered over the city. The members of the Cincinnati Society made the only attempt at a parade. Headed by General Alexander Hamilton, they marched in a simple manner from their meeting-place in Broadway to the Dutch Church on Nassau Street, at the corner of Cedar Street, and listened to a eulogy by the Rev. Dr. William Linn. He had been a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, and his oration was so acceptable to his hearers that they made him an honorary member of their order. Dr. Linn and Dr. John M. Mason enjoyed the distinction of being the ablest pulpit orators in New York, if not in all America, at that time. The latter preached the Washington sermon before the Corporation of the city in the old Brick Presbyterian Church, then standing at the junction of Nassau Street and Park Row, the site now occupied by the New York "Times" building. Both of these orations were widely published. A bookseller thus advertised Dr. Mason's sermon when it was issued in pamphlet form:

"Those who heard this admirable performance delivered must be impressed with a sense of its superior excellence;

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and those who had not the opportunity ought to possess themselves of a copy and preserve it as they preserve their Bibles and prayer-books."

A portion of Dr. Linn's oration presents one of the best examples of the method, which was very popular among the eulogists, of comparing Washington to all the famous characters in both sacred and profane history. A brief extract will furnish an interesting illustration. "Were he compared with the sages and the heroes of antiquity," said Dr. Linn, "he would gain by the comparison, or, rather, he would be found to be free from the blemishes and to unite the excellencies of them all. Like Fabius, he was prudent; like Hannibal, he was unappalled by difficulties; like Cyrus, he conciliated affection; like Philopœmen, he was humble; and, like Pompey, he was successful. If we compare him with characters in the sacred records, he combined the exploits of Moses and Joshua, not only by conducting us safely across the Red Sea and through the wilderness, but by bringing us into the promised land; like David, he conquered an insulting Goliath, and rose to the highest honors from an humble station."

The Rev. Elijah Parish said on the same day to his congregation near Newburyport, Mass.: "Where shall we find a character like the illustrious farmer of Mount Vernon! Equal in stratagem to Hannibal, as modest as Cincinnatus, as disinterested as Regulus, as daring as Leonidas, as cautious as Fabius, as valiant as Cæsar, as successful—why should I proceed? He displayed a constellation of virtues."

In Alexandria the 22d of February was fraught with particularly sad memories. Many of the householders had counted Washington among their friends, and in their homes he had often been a welcome guest. Perhaps to that old Virginia town the loss seemed more truly a personal one than was the case in more distant places where Washington was mourned as the soldier and the statesman more than as a friend. On the day of his burial at Mount Vernon a resident of the town wrote: "We are all to close our houses and act as we should do if one of our

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE ALLEGHANY RIVER ON HIS MISSION TO THE INDIANS FROM GOV. DINWIDDIE, OF VIRGINIA, IN 1753

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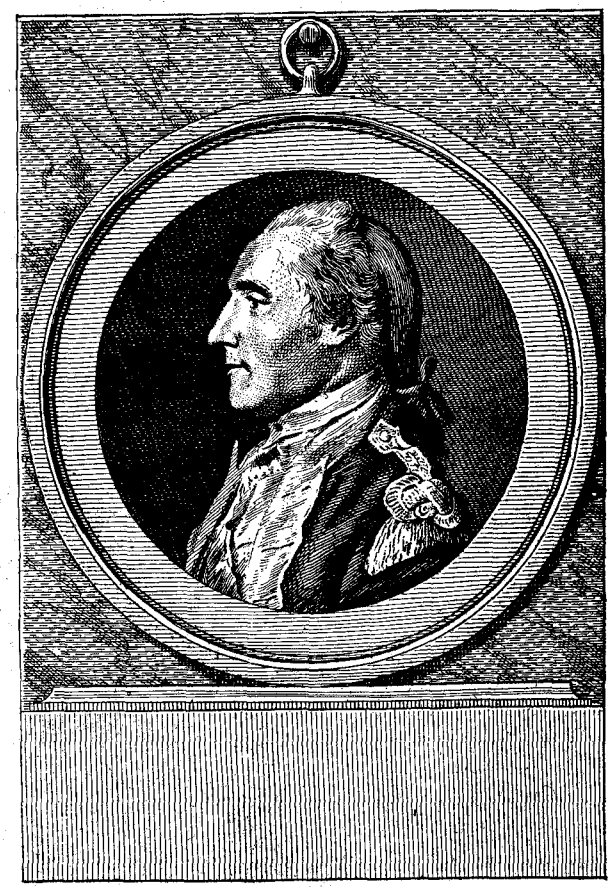
family had departed." In the midst of the general sorrow it was not difficult to recall incidents similar to those mentioned in a Baltimore newspaper while describing a ball given in Alexandria on the evening of Washington's birthday, 1791:

"The meeting was numerous and brilliant. Joy beamed in every countenance. Sparkling eyes, dimpled cheeks dressed in smiles prompted by the occasion, with all the various graces of female beauty, contributed to heighten the pleasure of the scene. At an interesting moment a portrait of the President, a striking likeness, was suddenly exhibited. The illustrious original had been often seen in the same room in the mild character of a friend, a pleased and pleasing guest. The song of 'God bless great Washington, Long live great Washington,' succeeded. In this prayer many voices and all hearts united. May it not be breathed in vain."



THE DU SIMITIER PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON
Drawn from life by Du Simitier in Philadelphia. Engraved in Paris.

Nine years later, that same day in February was opened with the tolling of bells and the booming from sixteen cannon. The church services were preceded by a parade of the local military corps, among whom was Major William Johnston, "an old Continental officer who served with reputation during the Revolution, the last of the Virginia line, bearing a stand of colors of the 11th Virginia Regiment, used in the war." Sixteen little girls wearing white veils and scarfs trimmed with black, linked together with garlands of evergreen, marched behind the soldiers, and they in turn were followed by sixteen boys from seven to nine years old, each wearing an infantry cap with the motto on the band in golden letters, "Washington Our Model." Dr. Elisha C. Dick, who has become famous as one of the physicians in attendance upon Washington during the latter's fatal illness, delivered the oration in the Presbyterian church. When he had finished, the sixteen boys marched to the front and the sixteen girls crowned them with wreaths, each saying as she did so, "Thus we offer our tribute to the memory of Washington." An ode composed by several ladies was sung during the services.

Double honors belong to Harvard University for its observance of Washington's birthday in 1800. It was the only institution of learning to arrange special services, and its President, Joseph Willard, was the only orator in America who employed the Latin language in eulogy of Washington. The Faculty and students marched in procession from the Philosophy chamber to the Cambridge meeting-house. Clergymen and "other gentlemen of liberal education" were invited to join the scholastic body. The Latin discourse was followed by a sermon by the Rev. Dr. David Tappin, Hollis Professor of Divinity, and then one of the students recited an elegiac poem and another gave

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AN EARLY FRENCH ENGRAVING OF WASHINGTON

an oration. The Latin eulogy did not attract that attention in the newspapers which some of the classical inhabitants of old Boston considered was its due, and a few days later a subscriber signing himself "Classicus Americanus" wrote a polite note to the editor of the "Independent Chronicle" asking him "to publish the universal sentiment of those who have a competent knowledge of the Latin tongue and who heard or have perused the address of President Willard. Their judgment is that the address is a specimen of correct, classical, and beautiful Latin composition; that it is remarkably apposite, sentimental, and pathetic; that it displays the prominent features of the character celebrated in a concise yet accurate and forcible manner; in short, that it reflects honor both on its venerable author and the Seminary over which he presides."

President Willard's oration and the sermon were published in pamphlet form, but the declamations of the students are buried in oblivion, as they "modestly declined giving copies of their performances for the press." It was no new thing for the young men of Harvard to celebrate the birthday of the Father of his

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Country, as is seen from an interesting notice in a local newspaper of 1798:

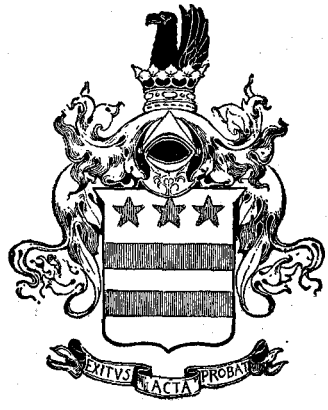
"The sons of our University never let slip an opportunity of doing honor to the character they so much admire. In one of the circles met to celebrate the birthday of the Hero of Mt. Vernon, among other toasts was the following: George Washington; a man brave without temerity, laborious without ambition, generous without prodigality, noble without pride, and virtuous without secrecy. Three cheers in pantomime for fear of disturbing the peace."

Many other college presidents contributed their share to the Washington memorials called forth by the church services on February 22. Timothy Dwight, the versatile President of Yale, who had seen active service in the Revolution as an army chaplain, was requested to preach the birthday sermon before the citizens of New Haven. President Samuel Stanhope Smith, of Princeton, delivered an address in the State House at Trenton, N. J. The Rev. James Madison, President of William and Mary College, and also Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, preached a sermon in Williamsburg that was afterwards widely published, being honored with a London edition. In New York the faculty and students of Columbia College were advised by their President, William Samuel Johnson, to take an active part in the Washington memorial parade on December 31, 1799, which closed with religious exercises in St. Paul's Church, and an oration by Gouverneur Morris.

All classes sought to honor the memory of Washington. No town was so small that it did not give visible expression to its grief, and a multitude of instances might be related revealing the different methods employed in the services on that memorable day in February one hundred years ago. The birthday orations and sermons were published by the score in pamphlet form, some of the better ones being printed in half a dozen cities at the same time. Indeed, it was weeks before this deluge of Washington literature showed signs of abating. Brief mention must be made of one of this large number now so completely forgotten. It is unique in being the only public tribute to Washington from the Negro race. The Rev. Richard Allen, pastor of the African Methodist Church in Philadelphia, while preaching his memorial sermon, dwelt particularly upon that clause in Washington's will whereby provision was made for freeing all the slaves at Mount Vernon. In referring to the country's loss he said:

"We, my friends, have peculiar cause to bemoan our loss. To us he has ever been the sympathizing friend and tender father. He has watched over us and viewed our degradation and afflicted state with compassion and pity; his heart was not insensible to our sufferings. He, whose wisdom the nations revered, thought we had a right to liberty. Unblasted by the popular opinions of the State in which is the memorable Mount Vernon, he dared to do his duty and wipe off the only stain with which man could ever reproach him. If he who broke the yoke of British burdens 'from off the neck of the people' of this land was hailed his country's deliverer, by what name shall we call him who secretly and almost unknown emancipated his bondmen and bondwomen, and became to them a father and gave them an inheritance?"

WASHINGTON'S



COAT OF ARMS

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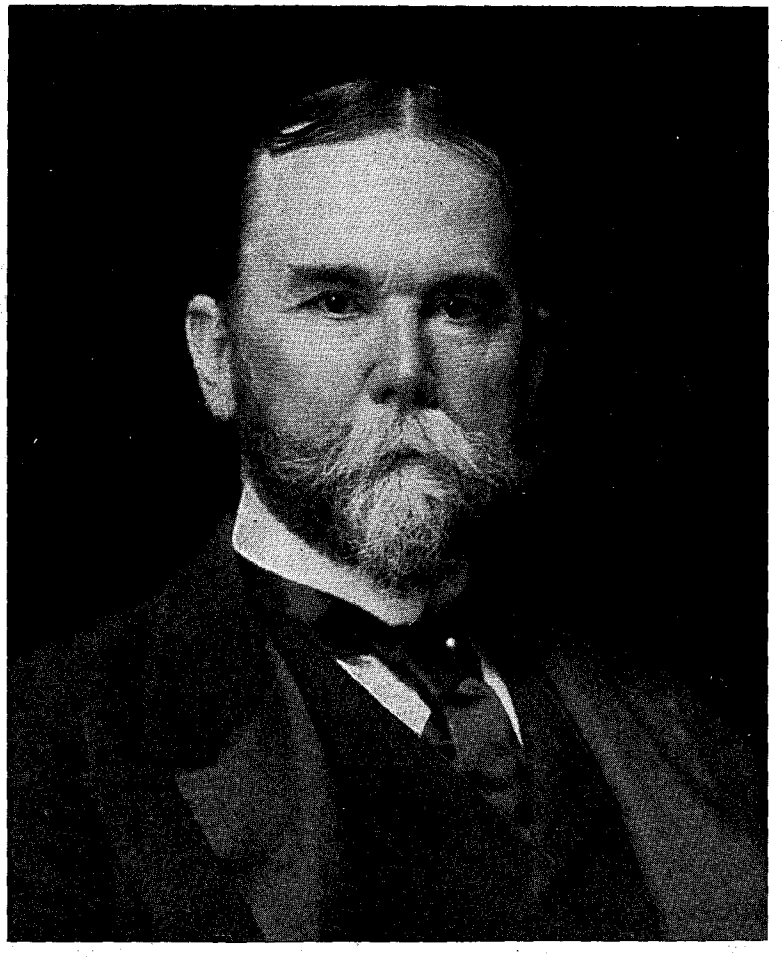

SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN HAY, in his management of the foreign relations of the United States, has achieved solid and permanent diplomatic successes. In gaining from the Great Powers their assent to the principle of the "open door" for China, in obtaining from Great Britain a declaration that provisions should not be seized as contraband unless it was proved that they were destined for the enemy's army, and in advancing the cause of international arbitration at The Hague, Secretary Hay has helped to make this Administration memorable. His career, since he came with President Lincoln from Springfield to Washington to act as private secretary, has been full of varied public services and political activities. He held in turn at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid important diplomatic offices; his appointment as Ambassador to Great Britain by President McKinley was accepted by Americans without regard to party affiliations as almost beyond criticism. In London he had the best possible training for the duties of the office he now holds; and in London he did an immense deal to make possible the present friendly understanding between the two great English-speaking countries. In journalism and literature, as well as in diplomacy, Colonel Hay has attained distinction; his "Life of Lincoln," his "Castilian Days," and his "Pike County Ballads" could hardly lie in more diverse fields of literary work, and each in its own way has force and has made a distinct impression on the reading public; while his editorial work on the New York "Tribune" during a critical period was marked by intelligent and wise direction.

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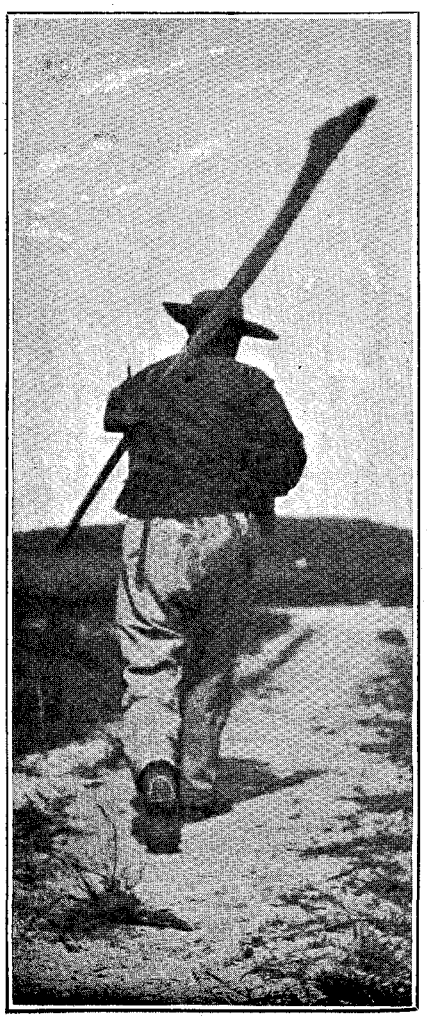
The Village of Jean François Millet

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author

FEW places in the world are more closely associated with names of genius than is Barbizon with the name of Jean François Millet. To think of him and of his work is at once to recall this little peasant village near Paris on the borders of the Forest of Fontainebleau. But though we know of Barbizon as Millet's home and the place where he painted all of his most famous pictures, he was born far away on the western coast, and for many dragging, unsuccessful years in the earlier part of his career he lived in Paris. Indeed, he did not desert the city for the country until he had reached the age of thirty-five, and then only by reason of his being driven out by an epidemic of cholera.

Barbizon was chosen as a refuge because it was not too far away, and because it already was to some degree a resort of painters, notable among whom was Theodore Rousseau. The village was then very humble and poor. Few strangers ever entered its seclusion, and the little group of artists were the only outsiders. It was a plain farming community, without a church, without a hotel, without anything to give it publicity.



BOUND FOR THE MOWING

It has changed since, and though most of its permanent inhabitants are still farmers, it is no longer the place to seek for rural retirement. Since the death of its half-starved artists, its fame as their abode has become a lodestone that draws worshipful tourists from all parts of the earth. Another attraction, and one which appeals more powerfully to the general public and does more to build up the growing reputation that Barbizon now has as a pleasure resort, is the fact that within easy access are some of the wildest and most beautiful parts of the Forest of Fontainebleau. This brings to the place people of all sorts and conditions, and the majority of them care little or nothing for Millet, or Rousseau, or any other artist. They are usually wholly intent on excursions and picnics in the Forest, and the woodland ways are always enlivened by pedestrians, by people driving or on bicycles, and by many automobiles spinning along the smooth, hard main roads with their peculiar throb and clatter.

The region has adapted itself to the needs of the crowd, and there are restaurants here and there in the Forest, several big hotels have interpolated themselves among the cottages and farm-houses of the village, and the engines of a steam tramway go creaking and puffing through the one long, narrow street at frequent intervals. This tramway connects the village with the railroad eight miles distant, and it is regarded as an improvement over the omnibuses it supersedes, though the speed

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A STREET IN BARBIZON

In the center is the house where Millet lived.

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attained by its slow, ponderous trains seems hardly to justify such an assumption. The engines are ugly iron monsters, with stumpy, flaring smokestacks that develop an asthmatic violence in their snorting and wheezing which can be heard for miles. The whistles, on the other hand, are mild to the point of puerility. Their warning is for all the world like the notes of a tin dinner-horn. I could hardly believe at first that a blast of steam, and not the breath of human lungs, had produced the weakling sound. But what the whistle lacks in power it makes up in persistence, for it toots with all too faithful constancy from one end of the route to the other. Could anything be contrived more likely than such a tramway to drive away the rural nymphs that charmed the old-time Barbizon painters! I can fancy Millet's horror had this grimy creature of the machine-shops invaded the peace of the place in his day.

The wonder is, not that the village and its life retain so little of the rustic, but that, in spite of tramway, competing hotels, and the ebbing and flowing of tourists, they retain so much. The farm-houses are essentially the same as they were a quarter or half a century ago, and the peasantry themselves, so long as they are not actually crowded out, apparently keep on just as if the environment were no different from what it always had been. With the sightseers and pleasure-hunters they have little in common, and one affects the other very little. Thus the modern and the ancient are curiously mingled in Barbizon life. Fashion and wealth and the plain farm folk are equally in evidence. The latter go about their tasks unconcerned and do their work after the time-honored ways handed down to them from their ancestors. If visitors from abroad see in them living figures stepping from the canvases of Dupré or Millet, it is no affair of theirs. They accept this tourist enthusiasm as a sort of craze—an evident weakness past understanding, but which is, happily, harmless.

The peasant costume tends to lose its peculiar characteristics, yet perhaps no more here than in most places. It seems to be manifest destiny that we shall all dress alike the world over, in time. The country wants to attire itself after the manner of the town, and the poor as do the rich, independent of costs and conditions. But innovations usually find small favor with the older people, and in Barbizon men who wear blue blouses and wooden shoes are not uncommon, and white caps or colored kerchiefs are still the customary head-gear of the elderly women.

The women are field workers as well as house workers, and you meet them on the street trundling home barrows of grass which they have cut with their sickles, or see them baiting their cows along the roadways. But oftenest they are to be found working with the men, hoeing, weeding, or haying.

The landscape of the fields is in no wise especially interesting. Toward the west is the Forest, which includes some low, craggy hills crowded with dark pine woods, but otherwise all is flat and commonplace. The only variety offered is that of occasional groves and scattered villages. Yet at the time of my visit the fields had a very real charm in their local color. Nowhere else in France did I see such a profusion of flowering weeds. They ran riot all through the wheat and the grasslands, and jeweled the fields almost past believing. Scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers were the most common. They overtopped the grass; but in the wheat they were half concealed, and their motion in the wind made them seem alive—as if they were gay-gowned gypsies in a wood.

An acquaintance with Barbizon village reveals a good deal that is attractive in its older parts. Some of the buildings have a picturesque habit of hugging the public way. Others are more retiring and have narrow grounds before them, with massive street walls fortifying their seclusion. These walls are in many places ornamented with vines, and now and then trees reach over from the house inclosures and shadow the walls. The walls are high, and it is only when a gateway is open that you get a look at the yard beyond. Then you very likely see a court full of flower-beds overflowing with green leafage and gay blossoms. Even when the yard is bare, the house walls are not. Many doorways can be glimpsed sprayed about with beautiful rose vines, which in the season are crowded full of flowers. Perhaps the most interesting of the yards are those of the farms, with their litter of

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straw and tools, wagons and rubbish. A colony of hens is sure to be picking about, and usually there are several dogs, whose chief recreation consists in greeting all strangers with a medley of canine howls.

The houses are low, frequently only a story and a half, and have walls of stone either the natural gray or brushed over with light tints of whitewash. Roofs are of tile, the older ones mellowed with moss and weather stains. Swallows build under the eaves, and are always flitting and twittering over and about the village. The street is roughly paved, and has on either side a narrow walk that, like those of all French villages, varies in width according to the situation of the buildings along the way. The bordering residences and shops have never conformed themselves to any particular order or angle, and some of them have a very capricious way of slanting out on the walk or thrusting into it full length, till, not uncommonly, it is so attenuated that meeting pedestrians have, one or the other, to betake themselves to the street.

BARBIZON WOMEN

Adjoining home entrances, as a rule, are blocks or slabs of stone arranged for seats, and on these the people are fond of sitting in the evening and seeing the sights of the highway and getting the news from loitering passers. The scene is usually very peaceful, except when the trains of the tramway are rampaging through the hamlet. Once during my stay there was a fight, but it was short and bloodless. A man who owned a cornet gave a sample of his music one evening on the street, and a neighbor who did not like the playing let the musician know his opinion of his performance. As a result the two came to blows, greatly to the entertainment of all the witnesses save the fighters' wives. Barbizon has no policeman, not, I believe, because it is exceptionally law-abiding, but because it chances never to have had such an institution from a remote past, and present need is always doubted in the face of ancient custom. So there was nothing to do but for the wives to take on themselves the responsibility of restoring order. Each laid hold on her man, and the combatants were pulled apart. Then the musician with his horn, and the critic, limply mute, were marched off in different directions home. Whether domestic chastisement followed I am unable to say. Certainly some of the French wives have all the muscle and authority needed to administer it if they chose.

The only other unusual incident I recall was an outdoor entertainment given one evening by a troupe of strolling players. These players had been in the village for some days,

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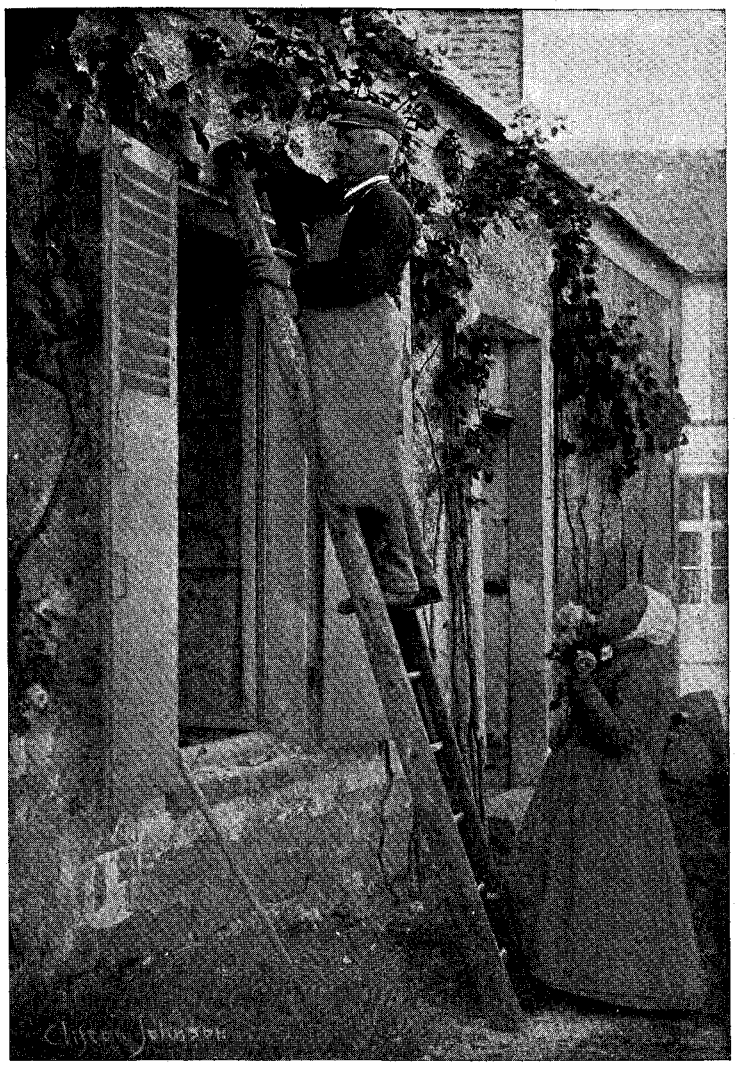

GATHERING ROSES

and had a shooting-gallery down at the far end of the street on the edge of the Forest. Near this they now put up a slender framework, and hung from it a trapeze and various ropes and rings, while on the ground round about were set a few benches for the expected audience.

Late in the afternoon one of the men of the troupe went through the village with a drum making all the noise he could and announcing with a flourish at every corner and before all the hotels that the coming performance would be something extraordinary, and that it would begin at half-past eight. Some hours later, in the twilight, the drummer sounded his alarum through the village again. On his return to headquarters he slipped off his outer clothing and revealed a red-habited athlete.

The audience was slim—only a group of boys and a few little girls, so far. The man in red seemed not satisfied. He rattled his drum at intervals, trimmed the lights that hung on the framework, and walked about ostentatiously busy about nothing. It was nine o'clock when the show began.

First came music, instrumental and vocal, in which the red man played a guitar and a woman in white stood on a bench and sang a dramatic song with many gestures. It was an interesting scene with the flaring, smoky oil lamps lighting up the players and the lookers-on, while

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behind rose the lofty gloom of the Forest. The song was followed by some gymnastics on the part of the red man, whose feats on the rings and the trapeze were warmly applauded. The audience had meanwhile been growing, and not only children but many older folk stood about. When I left presently and returned to my hotel, I met many groups strolling toward the place of entertainment.

To the Millet lover every phase of village life and every glimpse of the peasants about their homes or at their field work is full of interest; for Millet not only painted this life, but was himself a part of it. No village dweller was more humble. He wore a peasant's dress even to the wooden shoes, and for a part of his day he labored in the garden and fields like other peasants. He lived in a low, dark cottage no better than the cottages of his peasant neighbors. There were no luxuries in his home, and sometimes he was hard pressed to supply the necessaries. Among the villagers he was social, always had a greeting for those he met, and was ever ready to talk without the least affectation or feeling of superiority.

Millet was very fond of children, and was happy in having a generous number in his own household—his own children at first, and later his grandchildren. After the evening meal he often entertained them with songs and stories, or, what they liked best of all, drew pictures for them. The rudest materials sufficed for these sketches, and an old newspaper and a match dipped in the inkstand did as well as anything. A few magic strokes on the margin of the newspaper would complete a picture and illustrate an incident. Usually the picture was of some farm scene, a peasant driving a loaded cart, a woman feeding a calf, a dog barking at a cow, a girl leading a goat. Sometimes, instead of going to his imagination for a subject, he drew objects in the room—the children themselves, perhaps, or the baby in the cradle being rocked to sleep by its mother. Nor was it only in the evening that Millet gave himself to his children. He was often their companion in his daytime leisure, and liked to have them with him when he walked in the Forest. They were true peasant children in their bringing up, and mingled on an equality with the other youngsters of the village.

TYPICAL BEGGARS OF BARBIZON

Millet was not a good business man, and though considerable sums passed through his hands, he was nearly all

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A TALK IN THE FIELDS

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his life in very straitened circumstances. He was often behind with his rent, and sometimes induced his landlord to accept pictures instead of money. The landlord in his dealings is said to have been very shrewd, and to have gained possession of many of his tenant's best pictures. After the artist's death he turned the family out of the home that had been so long theirs, laid his hands on all Millet's paintings that the arrears in rent would give excuse for, and, after realizing by a sale of a part of the canvases he had acquired sixty thousand dollars, he shut up the atelier for once and all. At least that is the way the tale runs as told in the village now.

The son and successor of Millet's landlord has something the same ogreish reputation. Visitors are excluded from the premises, the studio shutters are always closed, and no one is allowed a glimpse of its fabled treasures. All you can see of the studio is its rear, which backs up against the street walk. It is low and white, and an air of silence and gloom overhangs it.

Once I found the gate of the place ajar, and, in spite of all I had heard about its owner, I ventured to go inside. But there was small suggestion of the Millet days. The grounds are laid out with lawn and shade-trees, and the dwelling has been much altered. It is no longer the cottage of a peasant, but the country residence of one of the lesser gentry.

Rousseau's home is only a few doors distant. It is larger than was Millet's, and sets back from the street under the shadows of some tall trees. It adjoins the little church, and you can approach it only by entering the churchyard. Not until recently did the village have a church, and the edifice is the gift of two actresses who retired a few years ago to Barbizon to spend their last days. One of the actresses is still living, a bent, feeble old woman over eighty. I used to see her several times a day, her cane in her hand and supported by a white-coiffured nun, shuffling along the street to devotions at her church. The building has the look of a pretty cottage, it is so small and so embowered with the leafage of vines and trees, while the yard in front is a garden of flowers and shrubs. On the borders of the paths are several settees, and when the shadows lengthened in the warm afternoons the retreat was cool and inviting. It seemed to be a favorite loitering-place of Millet's son, the only one of the artist's children still living in the village, for I often saw him there. He has followed his father's profession, and is said to do very good work.

The nearest house of worship in Millet's time was at Chailly, two miles distant. He was a devoted attendant, and walked there to service every Sunday. The Chailly church is locally believed to be the one which appears in "The Angelus," but most probably the landscape of the picture is a memory or vision; and it is the less easy to make good the claim of the Chailly church as the reality has only a stumpy tower, while a spire appears in the painting. The attitude of prayer taken by the two figures was also more likely to have been a memory than a characteristic of Barbizon, although Millet worked from local models. It would certainly have been more typical of his boyhood region on the remote Norman coast than of the country about Paris, where old customs always weaken first. You see nothing of such observance of the Angelus now at Barbizon, and I do not know that it survives in any part of the Republic. The Angelus still rings, morning, noon, and night, but it is recognized only as a signal to begin or stop work, not for prayer.

From the far end of Barbizon street you can see on a near hill-slope within the Forest a great boulder with a large bronze tablet inset on its face. When you draw nearer, you find on the tablet a portrait head of Millet coupled with that of Rousseau. It seems a noble and fitting monument to these two giants of their day and generation, lovers of the Forest and of nature in every mood, prophets and seers who have interpreted the beautiful to all mankind.

The Forest is much criss-crossed with roads and paths, and exploration is easy, the only danger being that of losing one's way. By the time I left Barbizon I had seen nearly all of it within moderate walking distance. It presents a great deal of variety. You find primeval woodland and park-like groves and pastoral glades, and you find wild gorges strewn with boulders that look the waste of some ancient geological quarry of the gods. The boulders are

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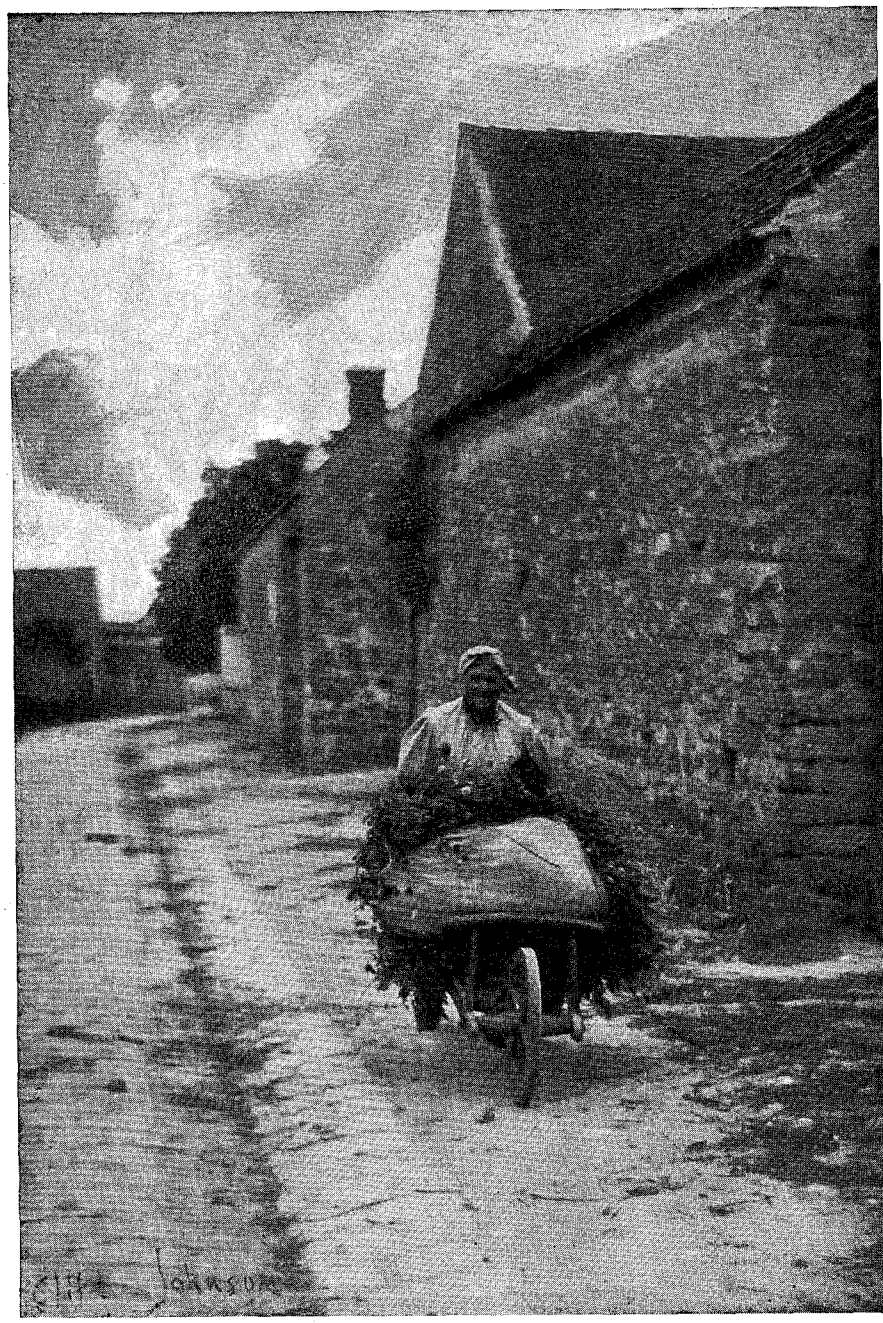

COMING IN FROM THE FIELDS

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not confined to the gorges. They are a peculiar feature of Fontainebleau, and you may come across them in the woodland almost anywhere—great loose, rounded rocks, some of them scattered, others lying in rude heaps.

At times the forest fires run through the woods; the trees are killed; the peaty soil is consumed, and it takes a long time for the charred earth to heal and for new growths to start. Sections recently burnt bristle with dead trees still standing, and their leafless twigs bare against the sky make the scene strange and depressing. But pass out of the burned districts and you have the company of the lofty pine-trees or of the feathery, graceful beeches, with their sinewy, mottled trunks, or of the great oaks, gnarled and angular and crowned with dark, heavy foliage. In the opens grow the heather, the broom, and other shrubbery tangling among the lichened rocks; while in the shadowy, sun-flecked forest depths you find a carpet of ferns and thin grasses. Birds sing, pigeons coo, a cuckoo calls far away, and you hear the caw of rooks above the tree-tops.

Fontainebleau is the largest of all the French forests. You can travel continuously in it in one direction for twenty miles. Its greatest lack is the entire absence of streams or ponds, for the rainfall is wholly absorbed by the sandy soil and chalky rocks. I was told that the Forest did boast of a single pool in a certain hilltop hollow, but when a friend who knew the Forest undertook to show me this rarity it had disappeared as the result of recent dry weather. There are deer and other wild creatures in the Forest, but I saw nothing of such denizens, unless I except some little lizards that I found in my pathway basking in the hot rays of the sun.

A favorite resort in the immediate vicinity of Barbizon is a cavern of considerable size, famed as the lodging-place of an old-time band of brigands. So secluded was their forest retreat that they robbed on the highways between Fontainebleau and Paris for nearly three years before their lair was discovered.

The Forest trees and rocks were reminiscent of Rousseau rather than of Millet. The latter's memory comes home to one more keenly in the fields, for though he was a lover of the forest, it did not appeal to him as did the open farmlands.

In putting his impressions on canvas he chose to work in low tones, making no appeal to the eye through brilliance of color or the attractiveness of the figures he introduced. Often his types were rude to the verge of ugliness, for he abhorred anything in the least tainted with prettiness or sentimentality. Labor was most often his theme, and to it he added weariness, which he says "is the common lot of humanity." This view, which was largely the result of his own somber experiences in life, he painted into his pictures with all the sincerity of a great soul. But if there is always present an undertone of sadness in his work, there is also a vein of sweetness, of courage, and of absolute honesty; and this, taken altogether, was Millet.

SUNSET IN THE HAY FIELD

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EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN'S retirement from the editorship of the New York "Evening Post," a position which he has held since 1882, is an event of more than passing interest in the history of contemporary journalism; for Mr. Godkin is one of the most thoroughly trained editors of his time, with journalistic ability of a high order, distinct gifts as a leader-writer, and the courage of his convictions. The "Evening Post" has held for many years a place of exceptional dignity and influence, and under Mr. Godkin's editorship its reputation became National. An Irishman by birth, educated at a grammar school near Wakefield in England, graduating from Queen's College, Belfast, in 1851, where his most influential teachers were not the college instructors but John Stuart Mill, Grote, and Bentham, America, as Mr. Godkin has recently said, was his promised land. Mr. Godkin entered journalism by the difficult and perilous way of the war correspondent. He represented the London "News" during the siege of Sebastopol, and was present when the town was taken. He came to this country in the autumn of 1856, began to prepare himself for the practice of the law, wrote letters to the London "Daily News," and became an editorial writer on the New York "Times." In 1865 the "Nation" was started on its influential career under Mr. Godkin's leadership. Its ability, both editorial and literary, the definiteness of its convictions and the force with which they were expressed, soon made it a power, especially among the most highly educated men in the country. It became in a peculiar sense, not the organ, but the representative, of the academic, scientific, and literary classes. In 1882 Mr. Godkin became the editor of the New York "Evening Post," and the "Nation" practically became the weekly edition of the "Post." From the beginning Mr. Godkin has been the determined and tireless enemy of the "machine" and the "boss," and the ardent advocate of Civil Service Reform. Mr. Godkin's influence as an editor would have been very much larger if his spirit had been constructive rather than purely critical. His ability to hate bad things was one source of his power; but sometimes the habit of criticism has blinded him to movements which should have had his aid, and to men who deserved his support.

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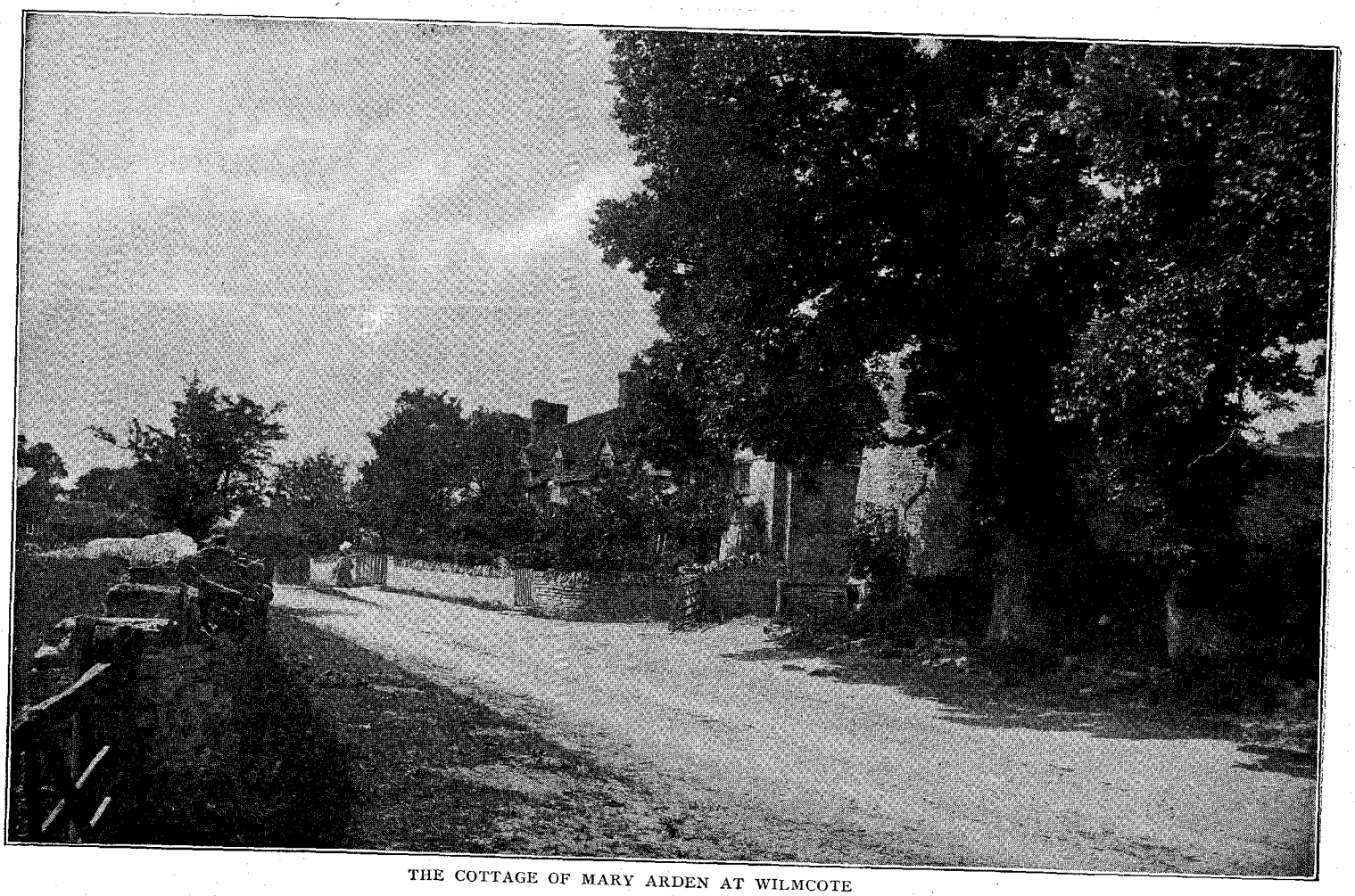

THE COTTAGE OF MARY ARDEN AT WILMCOTE

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Poet, Dramatist, and Man

By

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

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Part II.—Birth and Breeding

THE charm of Stratford-on-Avon is twofold; it is enfolded by some of the loveliest and most characistic English scenery, and it is the home of the greatest English literary tradition. Lying in the very heart of the country, it seems to be guarded as a place sacred to the memory of the foremost man of expression who has yet appeared among the English-speaking peoples. It has become a town of some magnitude, with a prosperous trade in malt and corn; but its importance is due wholly to the fact that it is the custodian of Shakespeare's birthplace, of the school in which he was trained, of the house in which he courted Anne Hathaway, of the ground on which he built his own home, and of the church in which he lies buried. The place is full of Shakespearean associations; of localities which he knew in the years of his dawning intelligence, and in those later years when he returned to take his place as a householder and citizen; the old churches with which as a child he was familiar are still standing, substantially as they stood at the end of the sixteenth century; the grammar school still teaches the boys of to-day within the walls that listened to the same recitations three hundred years ago; the houses of his children and friends are, in several instances, still secure from the destructive hand of time; there are still wide stretches of sloping hillside shaded by the ancient Forest of Arden; there are quaint half-timbered fronts upon which he must have looked; the "bank where the wild thyme blows" is still to be found by those who know the foot-path to Shottery and the road over the hill; the Warwickshire landscape has the same ripe and tender beauty which Shakespeare knew; and the Avon flows as in the days when he heard the nightingales singing in the level meadows across the river from the church, or slipped silently in his punt through the mist which softly veils it on summer nights.

When Shakespeare was born, on April twenty-second or twenty-third, in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-four, Stratford was an insignificant hamlet, off the main highways of travel, although within reach of important towns like Coventry, and of

The birthplace of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, together with the New Place property and the Hathaway house at Shottery, is in charge of a commission, of which Sir Arthur Hodgson, of Clopton (the historic manor-house of Stratford), is the chairman. The custodian is Mr. Richard Savage, a man of exceptional knowledge on all matters pertaining to Shakespeare. By the courtesy of Sir Arthur, the representative of The Outlook was permitted, in July last, to have made photographs of the interior of the birthplace, and many interesting objects within it. These photographs were made by Mr. J. C. Chaplin. Several of the illustrations accompanying this installment are reproduced from the photographs so made. Many other pictures of Stratford and Warwickshire scenery illustrating this series of articles were made expressly for The Outlook by Mr. Douglas McNeille, of Stratford-on-Avon. Clopton House was for generations the home of the Clopton family, and the effigies of several of its members are noticeable objects in the Holy Trinity Church where Shakespeare was baptized. The house is notable for a fine old hall, and for a number of valuable and important paintings, one of which is the portrait of the mother of Oliver Cromwell. The present proprietor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, a typical English gentleman in his hospitality, has been most active in preserving the memorials of Shakespeare.

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stately old English homes like Warwick and Kenilworth Castles. The streets were narrow, irregular, and, like most streets in most towns in that unsanitary age, badly kept and of an evil odor; the houses were set among gardens or in the open, with picturesque indifference to modern ideas of community orderliness, the black-oak structure showing curious designs of triangles and squares through the plaster. Thatched roofs, projecting gables, rough walls, unpaved lanes, foot-paths through the fields, the long front of the Guild Hall with the Grammar School, the Guild Chapel, the Church of the Holy Trinity, the bridge across the Avon built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the time of Henry VII., made up the picture which Shakespeare saw when he looked upon the place of his birth. On High Street, when he came back from London to live in Stratford, he found, not far from his house in New Place, the carved half-timbered front of the house in which tradition says the mother of John Harvard was born.

The population of Stratford is now about nine thousand; in 1564 it was probably less than fifteen hundred. It was surrounded by fields which were sometimes white with grain, and were always, in the season, touched with the splendor of the scarlet poppy. The villagers were sturdy English folk with more vigor than intelligence, and with more capacity than education. Many of them were unable to sign their own names, and among these John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, has sometimes been included: documents exist, however, which bear his signature. There was nothing unusual in this lack of literary training; comparatively few Englishmen of the station of John Shakespeare had mastered, in that period, the art of writing. Men who could not sign their own names were often men of mark, substance, and ability. The family name was not uncommon in Warwickshire, and was borne by a good yeoman stock. When John Shakespeare applied, in 1596, for the right to use a coat of arms, he declared that Henry VII. had made a grant of lands to his grandfather in return for services of importance. The college of heraldry has been so prolific of fictitious genealogies that this claim is open to suspicion; what is certain is the substantial character of the poet's ancestors, their long residence in Warwickshire, and the fact that some of them were farmers, land-renters, and land-owners. The grandfather of the poet was probably Richard Shakespeare, a farmer who lived within

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE AT STRATFORD

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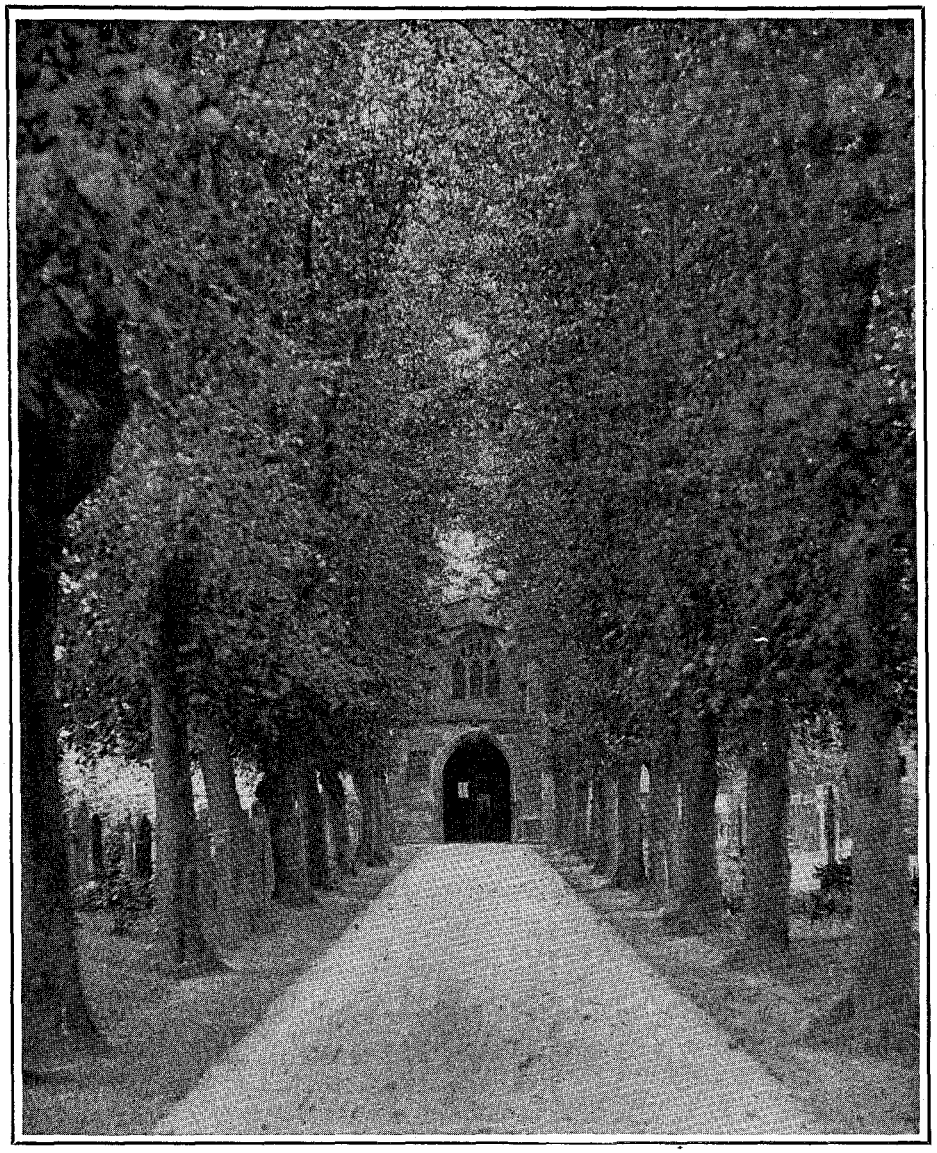

THE APPROACH TO HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

easy walking distance of Stratford. John Shakespeare removed to Stratford about the middle of the sixteenth century, and became a trader in all manner of farm produce. Then, as now, malt and corn were staple articles of commerce in Stratford; John Shakespeare dealt in these and in wool, skins, meats, and leather. He has been called a glover and a butcher; he was both, and several other things besides.

Henley Street was then one of the thoroughfares of Stratford, and got its name from the fact that it led to Henley-on-Avon, a market town of local importance. That John Shakespeare was an active man of affairs, with a keen instinct for business, if not with a sound judgment, is clear, not only from the variety and number of his business interests, but from the frequency of the suits for the recovery of small debts in which he appeared. His early ventures were successful, and he soon became a man of substance and influence. His prosperity was increased by his marriage, in 1557, to Mary Arden, the youngest daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Wilmcote, not far from

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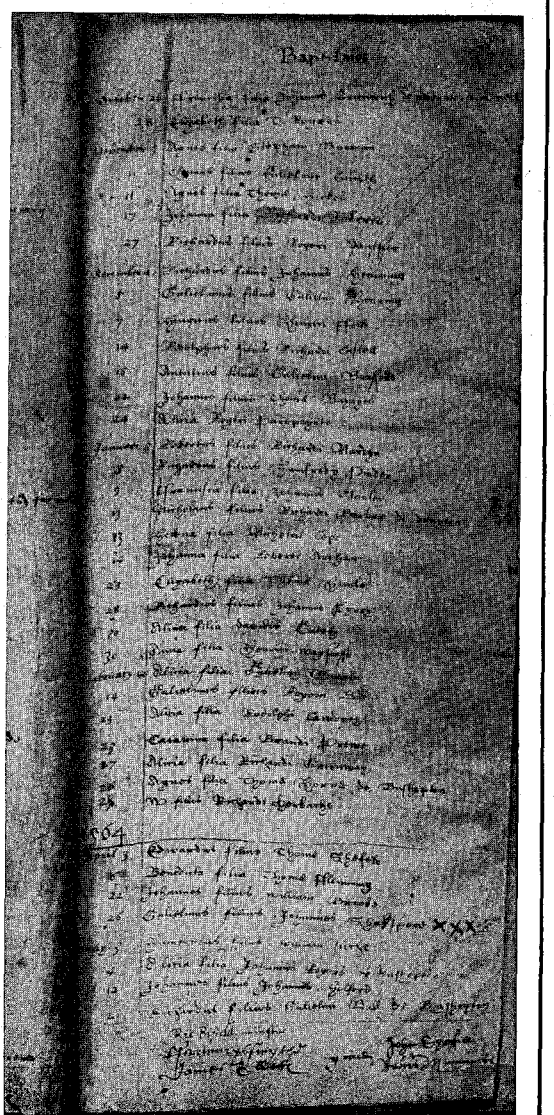
FONT IN TRINITY CHURCH, WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS BAPTIZED

Stratford. She brought her husband a house and fifty acres of land, some money, and other forms of property. During the year before his marriage John Shakespeare had purchased the house, with a garden, in Henley Street, which is now accepted as the birthplace of the poet. In the following year his growing influence was evidenced by his election as a tester of the quality of bread and of malt liquors. Various public duties were devolved upon him. He was elected a burgess or member of the town council; he became a chamberlain of the borough; and later was advanced to the highest position in the gift of the municipality, that of Bailiff. There were two daughters who died in infancy; then came the first son, William, who was christened, the parish register tells us, on the 26th day of April, 1564. The custom of the time with regard to the interval between birth and baptism was so well settled that there seems no reason to doubt that the poet was born on the 22d or 23d of the month. There were then two detached houses standing in Henley Street where the present house now stands; the house to the west tradition assigns as the place of the poet's birth. This house finally came into the possession, by the bequest of the poet's granddaughter, of the family of his sister Joan Hart, and until 1806 was occupied by them; the adjoining house to the east was let as an inn. In 1846 both houses were secured for preservation, restored as far as possible to the condition in which they were in the poet's time, joined in a single structure, and made one of the most interesting



SHAKESPEARE'S BAPTISMAL RECORD

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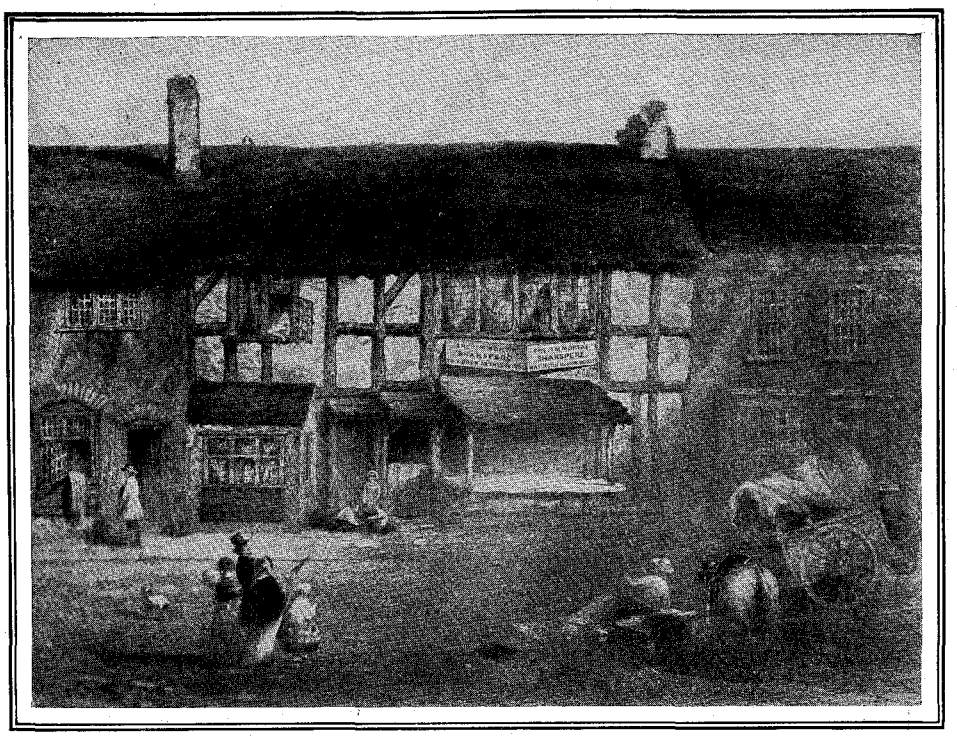

AN EARLY DRAWING OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE

museums in the world. In this structure there is every reason to believe that Shakespeare was born. The continued possession of the part which was once the western house by the poet's kinsfolk was probably the basis for a tradition which runs back for an indefinite period.

The Birthplace, as it is called, is a cottage of plaster and timber, two stories in height, with dormer windows, and a pleasant garden in the rear—all that remains of a considerable piece of land. It stands upon the street, and the visitor passes at once, through a little porch, into a low room, ceiled with black oak, paved with flags, and with a fireplace so wide that one sees at a glance what the chimney-corner once meant of comfort and cheer. On those seats, looking into the glowing fire, the imagination of a boy could hardly fail to kindle. A dark and narrow stair leads to the little bare room on the floor above in which Shakespeare was probably born. The place seems fitted, by its very simplicity, to serve as the starting-point for so great a career. There is a small fireplace; the low ceiling is within reach of the hand; on the narrow panes of glass which fill the casement names and initials are traced in irregular profusion. This room has been a place eagerly sought by literary pilgrims since the beginning of the century. The low ceiling and the walls were covered, in the early part of the century, with innumerable autographs. In 1820 the occupant, a woman who attached great importance to the privilege of showing the house to visitors, was obliged to give up that privilege, and, by way of revenge, removed the furniture and whitewashed the walls of the house. A part of the wall of the upper room escaped the sacrilegious hand of the jealous custodian, and names running back to the third decade of the last century are still to be found there. Other and perhaps more famous names have taken the places of those which were erased, and the walls are now a mass of hieroglyphs. Scott, Byron, Rogers, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, have left this record of their interest in the room. No new names are now written on these blackened walls; the names of visitors are kept in a record-book on the lower floor.

In a small room behind the birth-room what is known as the Stratford portrait of the poet is shown. On the first floor,

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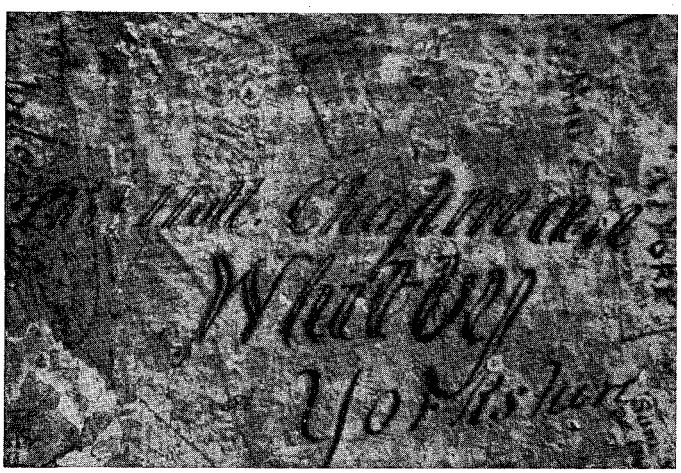
opening from the room into which the visitor enters, is a larger room in which are collected a number of very interesting articles connected with the poet. There are to be seen the deed which conveyed the property to his father; the letter in which Richard Quiney, whose son Thomas married the poet's youngest daughter, Judith, in 1616, asked him for a loan of money; the seal ring on which the letters W. S. are engraved; the desk which stood in the Grammar School three hundred years ago; and many other curiosities, memorials, documents, and books which find proper place in such a museum. In the garden, sweet with the fragrant breath of summer, there are pansies and violets, columbines and rosemary, daisies



A BIT OF THE WALL OF THE ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

and rue—flowers that seem to belong to Shakespeare, since they bloom in the plays as if they first struck root in the rich soil of his imagination. This property, which remained continuously in the possession of Shakespeare's kin until the beginning of the present century, is now set apart forever, with the home of Anne Hathaway, the ground which the poet purchased in 1597, and where he built his own home, and the adjoining house, as memorials of Shakespeare's life in Stratford.

John Shakespeare prospered in private fortune and in public advancement for nearly a decade after the birth of the poet. His means were very considerable for the time and place, and as Bailiff and chief Alderman he was the civic head of the community. An ingenious attempt has been made to prove that he was a Nonconformist of Puritan temper and associations; but the fact that he applied for a grant of arms, and that as Bailiff he welcomed the actors of the Earl of Worcester's Company and the Queen's Company to Stratford in 1568, would seem to indicate that, whatever his religious convictions and ecclesiastical tendencies may have been, he did not share the fanatical temper of some of his contemporaries.

The child William, then four years old, may have seen these companies, bravely dressed, with banners flying, drums beating, and trumpeters sounding their ringing tones, riding over Clopton bridge and halting in the market-place where High and Bridge Streets intersect, and where the market, with its belfry and clock, now stands. The players of the day led a wandering life, full of vicissitude, but, in fair weather and a hospitable community, they brought with them a visible if sometimes shabby suggestion of the great London world, which made their occasional coming into a quiet town like Stratford an unforgetable occurrence. The horses they rode were gayly caparisoned, the banners they carried were splendidly emblazoned with the arms of their patrons, their costumes were rich and varied, and they were accompanied by grooms and servants of all sorts. A goodly company they must have seemed to a child's imagination, with an air of easy opulence worn as a part of their vocation, but as purely imitative as the parts they played to crowds of open-mouthed rustics. Their magnificence, however shabby, and their brave air, however swaggering, made rural England feel as if it had touched the great new world of adventure and fame and wealth, of which stories were told in every chimney corner.

To these companies of players Stratford appears to have given exceptional hospitality; the people of the place were lovers of the drama. In the course of two decades the town enjoyed no less than twenty-four

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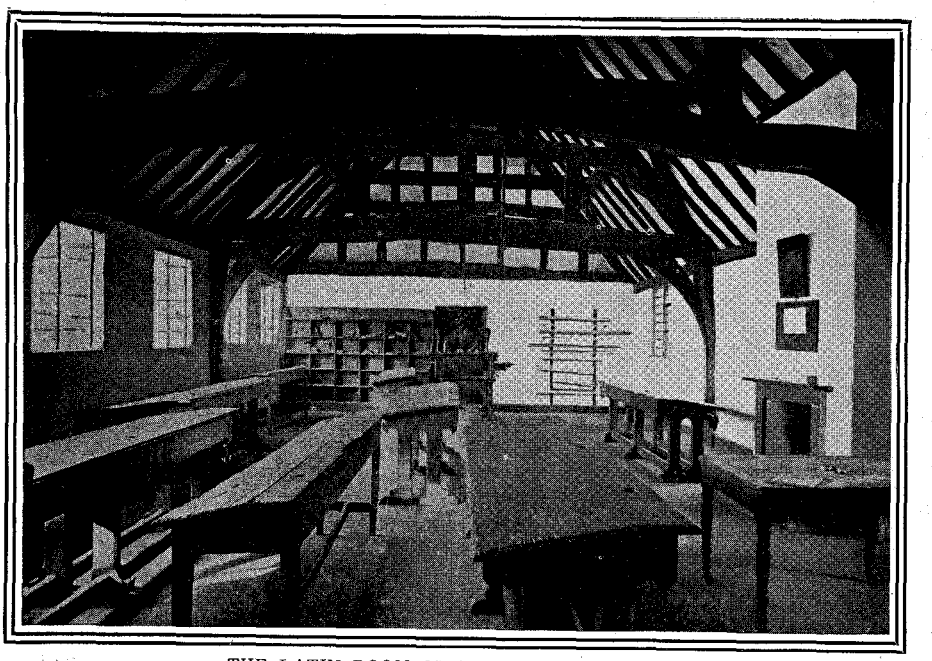
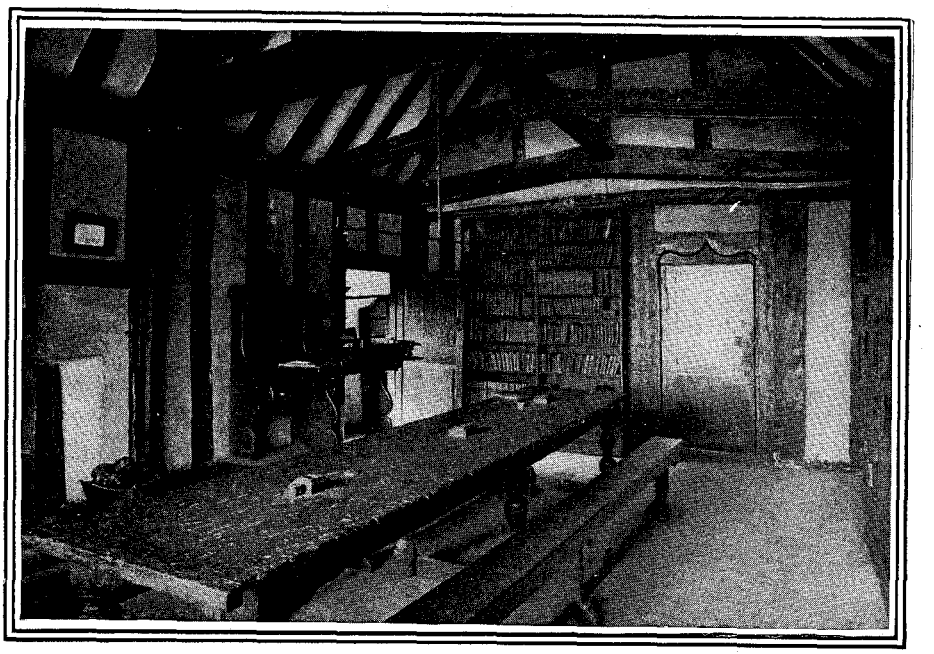


THE LATIN ROOM OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL



THE GUILD CHAMBER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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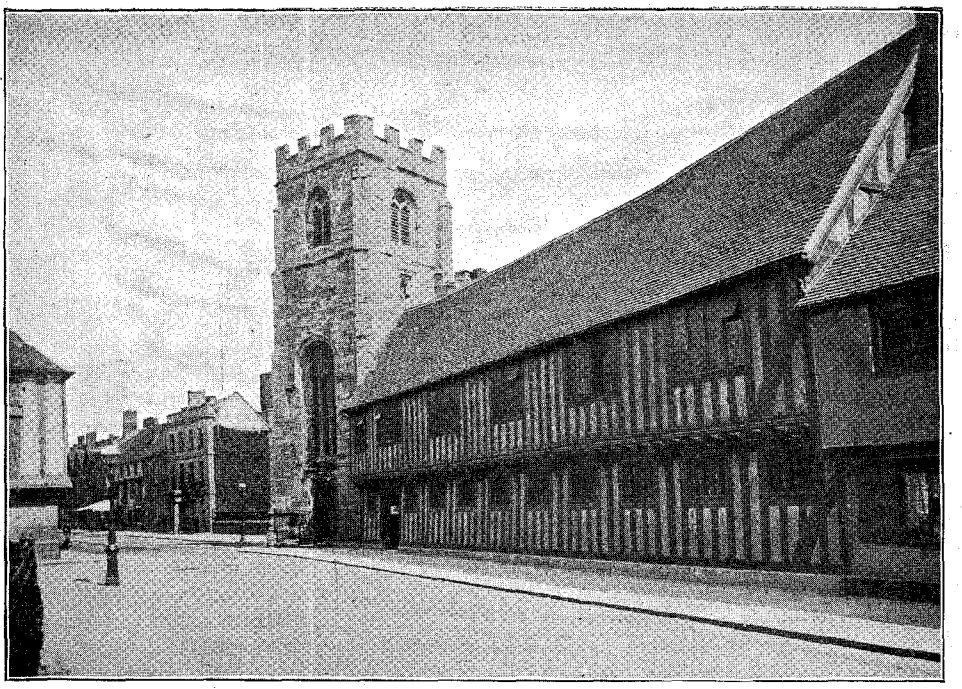

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND GUILD CHAPEL

visits from strolling companies; a fact of very obvious bearing on the education of Shakespeare's imagination and the bent of his mind toward a vocation. In such a community there must have been constant talk about plays and players, and easy familiarity with the resources and art of the actor. It follows, too, that the presence of so many players in the little village brought boys of an inquiring turn of mind into personal contact with the comedians and tragedians of the day. As a boy, Shakespeare came to know the old English plays which were the stock in trade of the traveling companies; he learned at first hand the stage business, and he was undoubtedly on terms of familiarity with men of gift and art. For the purposes of his future work this education was far more stimulating and formative than any which he could have secured at Eton or Winchester during the same impressionable years. Scott's specific training for the writing of the Waverley novels and the narrative poems which bear his name was gained in his ardent reading and hearing of old Scotch ballads, romances, stories, and history, rather than in the lecture-rooms of the University of Edinburgh. Shakespeare has sometimes been represented as a boy of obscure parentage and vulgar surroundings; he was, as a matter of fact, the son of a man of energy and substance, the foremost citizen of Stratford. He has often been represented as wholly lacking educational opportunities; he was, as a matter of fact, especially fortunate in educational opportunities of the most fertilizing and stimulating kind. The singular misconception which has identified education with formal academic training has made it possible to hold men of the genius of Shakespeare, Burns, and Lincoln before the world as exceptions to the law that no art can be mastered save through a thorough educational process. If Burns and Lincoln were not so near us, the authorship of "Tam o' Shanter" and the Gettysburg address would have been challenged on the ground of inadequate preparation for such masterpieces of expression.

These three masters of speech were exceptionally well educated for their art, for no man becomes an artist except by the way of apprenticeship; but their education was individual rather than formal, and liberating rather than disciplinary. The two poets were saturated in the most sensitive period in the unfolding of the

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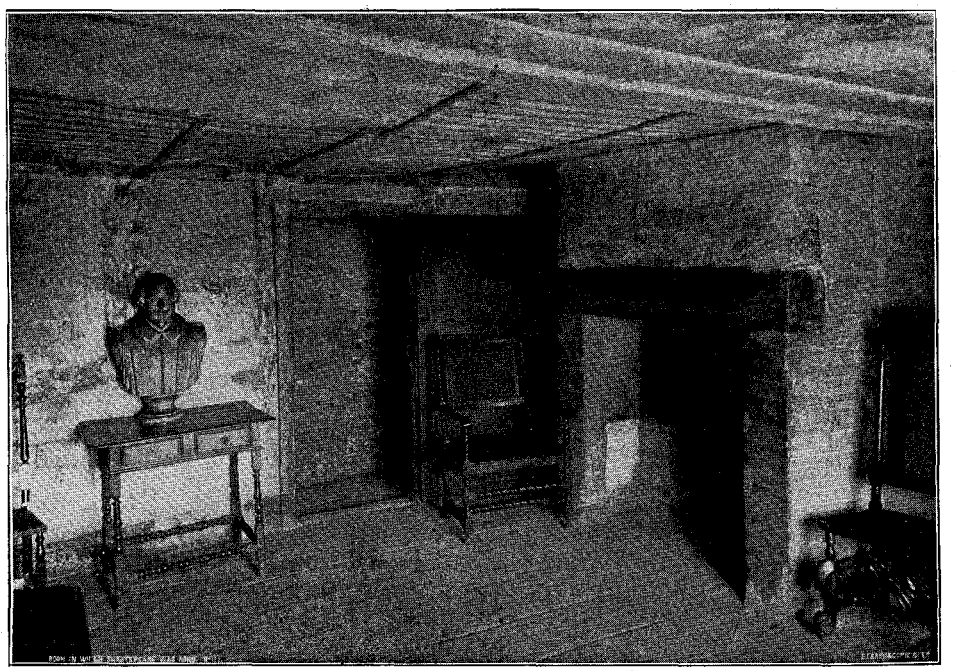
imagination with the very genius of the people among whom they were to work and whose deepest instincts they were to interpret. Their supreme good fortune lay in the fact that they were educated through the imagination rather than through the memory and the rationalizing faculties. Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles were educated by the same method; so also was Dante. A man sometimes gets this kind of education in the schools, but he oftener misses it. He is always supremely fortunate if he gets it at all. Shakespeare received it from several sources; one of them being the love of the drama in the town in which he was born, access to its records of every sort, and acquaintanceship with the custodians of its traditions and the practitioners of its art.

But he was by no means lacking in educational opportunities of a formal kind. The Grammar School on Church Street, adjoining the Guild Chapel and across Chapel Lane from the site of the poet's later home, one of the oldest and most picturesque buildings now standing in Stratford, was founded at the close of the fifteenth century. It was part of an older religious foundation, of which the Chapel still remains, and which once included a hospital. After passing through many vicissitudes, the school was reconstituted in the time of Edward VI. The Chapel was used in connection with it, and, if tradition is to be accepted, was occasionally employed for school purposes. It was built about the middle of the thirteenth century, and is a characteristic bit of the England which Shakespeare saw. The low, square tower must have been one of the most familiar landmarks of Stratford in his eyes. He saw it when he came, a school-boy, from his father's house in Henley Street, and turned into High Street; and from his own home at New Place he must have looked at it from all his southern windows. The interior of the Chapel has suffered many things at the hands of iconoclasts and restorers, but remains substantially as Shakespeare knew it. The low ceilings and old furnishings of the Grammar School, blackened with time, make one aware, like the much initialed and defaced forms in the older rooms at Eton, that education in England has a long history.

In Shakespeare's time the Renaissance influence was at its height, and the schools were bearing the fruits of the new learning. Education was essentially literary, and dealt almost exclusively with the



THE ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

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humanities. Greek was probably within reach of boys of exceptional promise as students; but Latin was every boy's daily food. With Plautus and Terence, the masters of Latin comedy, with Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, the masters of Latin poetry, with Cicero the orator and Seneca the moralist, Shakespeare made early acquaintance. When Sir Hugh Evans, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," listens to the recitation, so familiar to all boys of English blood, of *Hic, Hæc, Hoc*, we are doubtless sharing a reminiscence of the poet's school days. The study of grammar and the practice of conversation prepared the way for the reading of the classic writers, and furnished an education which was not only disciplinary but invigorating. Without being in any sense a scholar, there is abundant evidence that Shakespeare knew other languages and literatures than his own. His knowledge is of the kind which a man of his quality of mind and educational opportunities might be expected to possess. It is entirely subordinate to the end of furnishing the material he wishes to use; it is vital rather than exact; it is used freely, without any pretension to thoroughness; it serves immediate ends with the highest intelligence, and is inaccurate with the indifference of a poet who is more concerned with the sort of life led in Bohemia than with its boundary lines. The great artists have been noted for their insight rather than their accuracy; not because they were untrained, but because they were using facts simply to get at truth. Shakespeare could be as accurate as a scientist when exactness served his purpose, as the description of the Dover Cliffs in "King Lear" shows.

In the plays there are recurring evidences that the poet knew Virgil and Ovid, and had not forgotten Lily's grammar and the "Sententiæ Pueriles," which the schoolboys of his time committed to memory as a matter of course. In a number of instances he used the substance of French and Italian books of which English translations had not been made in his time. The command of French and Italian for reading purposes, to a boy of Shakespeare's quickness of mind and power of rapid assimilation, with his knowledge of Latin and the widespread interest among men of his class in the literature of both countries, was easily acquired. It must be remembered that for thirty years Shakespeare was on intimate terms with men of scholarly tastes and acquirements. The most splendid tribute among the many which he received from his contemporaries came from the most thoroughly trained of his fellow-dramatists; one who stood pre-eminently for the classical tradition in the English drama. Shakespeare was neither by instinct nor opportunity a scholar in the sense in which Ben Jonson was a scholar; but he had considerable familiarity with four languages; he had access to many books; he read some of them with the most vital insight; and he was exceptionally well informed in many directions. He knew something of law, medicine, theology, history, trade; and this knowledge, easily acquired, was readily used for purposes of illustration; sometimes used inaccurately as regards details, as men of imagination have used knowledge in all times and are using it to-day; but used always with divination of its spiritual or artistic significance. A careful study of Shakespeare's opportunities and a little common sense in reckoning with his genius will dissipate the confusion of mind which has made it possible to regard him as uneducated and therefore incapable of writing his own works. Aubrey's statement that "he understood Latin pretty well" is abundantly verified by the plays; they also furnish evidence that he understood Italian and French.

That he studied the Bible, either in the Genevan version or in the revision of 1568, is equally apparent. His references to incidents in Biblical history and his use of Biblical phrases suggest a familiarity acquired in boyhood rather than a habit of reading in maturity. The direct suggestions of the influence of the Bible are numerous; but there is also the impression of a rich and frequent use of Biblical wisdom and imagery. Mr. Locke Richardson has suggested that when Falstaff "babbled of green fields" his memory was going back to the days when, as a schoolboy, the Twenty-third Psalm was often in his ears or on his lips; and there are many places in the plays where Shakespeare seems to be remembering something which he learned from the Bible in youth. No collection of books could have brought him richer material for his view of life

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and for his art, not only as regards its content but its form.

The Grammar School, in which Cicero and Virgil have been taught in unbroken succession since Shakespeare's time, was a free school, taking boys of the neighborhood from seven years upwards, and keeping them on the benches with generous disregard of hours. There were holidays, however, and there was time for punting on the river, for rambles across country, and for those noisy games, prolonged far into the evening by the long English twilight, which make the meadows across the Avon as vocal as the old graveyard about the church is reposeful and silent.

Boys in Shakespeare's station in life rarely went to school after their fourteenth year, and the growing financial embarrassments of John Shakespeare probably took his son out of the Grammar School a year earlier. The tide of prosperity had begun to recede from the active trader some time earlier; whether his declining fortunes were due to lack of judgment or to the accidents of a business career it is impossible to determine. It is clear that he was a man of energy and versatility; that he was successful at an unusually early age and in an unusual degree; and that later, for a time at least, he was overtaken by adversity. In 1578, when the poet was fourteen years old, John Shakespeare mortgaged his wife's property at Wilmcote for the sum of forty pounds, or about two hundred dollars—the equivalent of more than a thousand dollars in present values. In the following year another piece of property at Snitterfield was disposed of for the same amount. Unsatisfied or dissatisfied creditors began to bring suits; taxes went unpaid; other properties were sold without arresting the downward movement; in 1586, when the poet went up to London to seek his fortune, John Shakespeare had ceased to attend the meetings at Guild Hall, and lost his right to wear the Alderman's gown in consequence; later his goods were seized by legal process and warrants for his arrest as an insolvent debtor were issued. There is a story of a considerable loss through the generous act of standing as surety for a brother; and it is known that there was, during these years, great distress in several branches of trade in Warwickshire.

If it cost nothing to send a boy to the Grammar School, it cost something to keep him there; and by the withdrawal of his son when losses began to press heavily upon him John Shakespeare may not only have cut off one source of his expense, but gained some small addition to his income from the industry of another wage-earner in the family. After leaving school the son may have assisted his father, as Aubrey reports, or he may have entered the office of a lawyer, as a contemporary allusion seems to affirm; nothing definite is known about his occupations between his fourteenth and eighteenth years. There is no reason why anything should have been remembered or recorded; he was an obscure boy living in an inland village, before the age of newspapers, and out of relation with people of fashion or culture. During this period as little is known of him as is known of Cromwell during the same period; as little, but no less. This fact gives no occasion either for surprise or skepticism as to his marvelous genius; it was an entirely normal fact concerning boys growing up in unliterary times and rural communities. That these boys subsequently became famous does not change the conditions under which they grew up.

"THE SCOLDING WIFE," FROM A STALL-SEAT IN TRINITY CHURCH

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Christ's Laws of Life: Hopefulness[1]

By Lyman Abbott

IT was a distinctive peculiarity of the Jewish people that their faces were turned toward the future. Most nations have had their golden age in the past; the Jewish nation had its golden age in the future. It is true that its traditions contain a story of a time of innocence, when man lived in a garden, with nothing to do but to till the soil, and when there was no sin and there had been no temptation; but it is also true that the Jewish nation never were taught to look back to this period or to hope for its return. On the contrary, their faces were always turned by their great religious teachers toward the future; they were always bid to expect something larger and nobler yet to come than anything which they had experienced. Even in the legend of the temptation and the fall this forward look appears. After the story is told how the serpent tempted the man and the woman, it is recorded that Jehovah said to the serpent, "The seed of the woman shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bite his heel;" if we turn this curious metaphor into a philosophical statement, it can be epitomized thus: Evil shall poison the human race, but at last the human race shall get it under foot and grind it to powder.

This is the promise that confronts the Jewish people in the very outset of their religious education, and all their prophecies look forward to the time when this glad hope shall be realized. Those prophecies are, indeed, generally couched in poetic phrase. Prosaic men have too often turned the poetry into prose, and despoiled them of their beauty by giving to them a literal interpretation. It is also true that these prophecies, if you compare them literally, do not always agree, though they always agree in this, that they direct the thoughts of the Jewish people away from the past toward the future. Sometimes this splendid future is portrayed as brought about by the supremacy of the Jewish nation, sometimes by the transfusion of all other nations with the spirit of the Jewish nation; sometimes as brought about by the nation itself, sometimes by leaders of power, sometimes by one great, dim, shadowy, vague, prophetic figure marching at the head of the nation and achieving a great redemption for the people; but whether in poetry or prose, whether in one form or in the other, from the first to the last book of these sacred books, the mind and heart of the Israelitish people are turned by their prophets to the future, and they are bid to look forward to a time when the evil that has poisoned the human race shall be destroyed by the human race.

It was to a people thus educated that Jesus Christ came. Jesus Christ, educated himself in this same hope, gave expression to it. It would be indeed difficult to find a more hopeful teacher in all the history of the world than we find in the first century in Jesus of Nazareth. At that time, which seemed to be the darkest in all history, when moral life seemed to have died out of the human heart, when there were no philosophers in Greece, only sophists, no prophets in Palestine, only scribes, and no justice in Rome, only despotic power—in that day there appeared this man, speaking to this people, and saying to them, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." It was the most audacious optimism the world has ever seen. And a very large part of his teaching was concerned with what he called, and what his people had called before him, the kingdom of God, or the kingdom of heaven.

Respecting this kingdom of heaven, he said, first of all, that it was to come on the earth. He taught his disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." He preached one ordination sermon to his disciples, in which he unfolded the laws of the kingdom, and they are laws respecting the life of man with his fellow-men on the earth, laws which regulate the social order. His parables are drawn from the activities of human life, and concern the relation of

[1] Address delivered at Cooper Union, New York, Sunday evening, December 10, 1899. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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men to one another, growing out of their relation to God. He told men to look forward to a better, nobler, diviner social order than any they had seen. Sometimes —and it is not strange—the followers of Jesus Christ have grown discouraged; sometimes it has seemed to them as though there were no progress, no gain, as though the social order never was going to be better; sometimes they have given up hope in despair; and then they have tried to turn the thoughts of men away from this earth to some other and celestial sphere, and teach them to be contented with things as they are here, since they are here only for a little time, and expect a better time hereafter. But Jesus Christ never did this; he proclaimed a better social order on this earth, unfolded the laws of that social order, and bade his disciples be the heralds of it and the teachers of it.

The phrase "kingdom of heaven" has sometimes misled men. They have imagined heaven as a celestial sphere apart from the earth, and the kingdom of heaven as a kingdom in that celestial sphere; but the kingdom of heaven is not a kingdom *in* heaven, it is a kingdom like that which we imagine to exist in heaven. It is interpreted by the clause I have already referred to—"Thy kingdom come, on earth as it is in heaven." We speak of the "American idea." Whether we meet it in France or Germany or Italy or England, still, if it is the spirit of Americanism, we call it the American idea. We speak of the "republic of letters," meaning by it that common life which is derived from a common experience and a common enjoyment of literature. So the Master spoke of the kingdom of heaven, not as something that was to take place in heaven, but as something that was to take place on the earth, which was interpreted by the imagination which men have of heaven, and deriving, also, its power and its spirit from heaven. What is the kingdom of the sun? It is here on earth, and is in everything that lives and moves. It sings in the bird, and waits in the egg not yet hatched out; it is in the fragrant blossom and in the bud unopened; it is in the blades of grass upspringing, and in the germinant seeds just breaking through their shell in the darkness of the earth.

Thus this kingdom of God that is to be is already here. This is the second truth that Jesus Christ taught about the kingdom—it is not something postponed; it has already begun. Here, as the day is here when the sun begins to rise; here, as the summer is here when spring begins to come; here, as manhood is here when the babe lies in the cradle, for then the man begins, when he is born. The kingdom of God begins when it is first upon the earth, and it is first on the earth when the spirit of righteousness and justice and love and peace is in the hearts of men and is working its way into the institutions of men. So Christ said to men, "Do not say, Lo, here, lo, there: the kingdom of God is among you." Look for it all about you; look for it in the mother's love, in the hero's sacrifice, in the patriot's devotion; look for it in the honest laborer, the faithful servant, the loyal friend. It is here; it is now.

And yet it is only here in the beginning. For Jesus further taught, respecting this social order, that it must come by a gradual process of growth. I was asked the other night whether we did not need a French Revolution, and I answered, No—evolution, not revolution. That is my faith, and that was the Master's teaching. He said the kingdom of heaven is like a seed planted in the ground, which groweth secretly, no man knows how: first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Out of the previous will grow the following condition; out of the poorer will grow the better; out of the cold earth will grow the fruit for the food of men. Christ was an evolutionist long before the word evolution was known. I do not mean by this that he ever defined evolution in a scientific or a philosophical sense; but he declared that the spiritual laws of the universe are the same as the physical laws of the universe; that as the plant grows gradually from the lower to the higher, from the simpler to the more complex, so must the kingdom of God grow. Little by little, according to him, the world was to grow better; by no sudden, no revolutionary, no cataclysmic force.

Revolution may change the form of society, but it cannot change the character of men. You may instantaneously overthrow an existing institution, you

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may even quickly rear another institution in its place, but you cannot instantaneously change the character of the men out of which the old institution has grown, nor create the new characters out of which the new institutions are to grow; and the overthrow of the old form, unless it be accompanied with a change in the character of the men out of which institutions are to grow, does little for humanity. We abolish the despotism of imperialism, and there comes in its place the despotism of the mob in the French Revolution, worse than the despotism of the Bourbon monarchy, except that it was shorter. We abolish monarchy; we abolish bureaucracy; and presently there springs up on American soil the machine and the boss to control the primaries and manage the elections, to put the ballot in our hands and tell us how we shall vote, and rule us through our suffrages. We abolish slavery, and there springs up feudalism in its place—the land owned by a few, and the many having to work upon the land as serfs. We abolish feudalism, and there springs up in its place a capitalistic system in which all the tools and implements are owned by the few, and the many can work only with the consent of the owners.

This is not to say that no progress has been made—of that I shall speak presently; progress has been made. It is something that every man in America owns himself; but so long as greed and selfishness survive, and wealth and power are left in the hands of the few, change of form does not bring in the kingdom of righteousness and peace. We abolish the saloon, and we get a Raines Law hotel. We abolish polygamy, and we get free divorce. One American humorist says that the polygamist harnesses his wives four abreast, and the American Christian harnesses them tandem, one after the other. Leave licentiousness in the human heart, and impurity will take on a new form; leave the greed of ambition in the human heart, and despotism will take on a new form; leave covetousness in the human heart, and oligarchy will take on a new form; leave the appetite ruling the man, and the appetite will find a new method of self-indulgence. Changes of form we can make by revolution, but the changes in human character can be made only by gradual, slow process, whether in the individual or in the race.

Though those of us who have believed in the Master grow weary, though sometimes we wonder if the dawn will ever come, we ought not to be surprised. He gave us fair warning. Again and again he told us that the process would be a long, a slow, a gradual one. When the disciples expected that the kingdom of God would immediately appear, he straightway told them, it is said, a parable, and attempted to correct their error.

But not only is this kingdom of God, this better social order, this higher earthly condition, coming gradually; it has to fight its way. When love comes into the world, will not every man welcome love? Will not all men throw open their doors and say, Come into our homes? Will not all industry open its doors and say, Come into our factories? Will not every heart say, Come in and rule in me? Alas, no! Love comes, and love finds wrong, and love fights against wrong, and wrong arms itself to kill love. Love sets itself in battle array against what men call vested rights but should be called vested wrongs, and vested wrongs arm themselves to crucify love. It was so then; it always has been so. And he foretold it. Do not expect, he says, that you will be better treated than I have been. They have called me Beelzebub; they will call you Beelzebub. They have persecuted me; they will persecute you. They have reviled and maligned me; they will revile and malign you. Woe unto you when all men speak well of you. When that comes, be sure you are not doing a good work in the world. He told them that the kingdom of God would have to battle against inertia, against the idleness and laziness of men, against the mere lazy content that says, What was good enough for our grandfathers is good enough for us, against the spirit that says, What has been always must be. The kingdom of God, he said, is like a little leaven—the ancient yeast—that is put into a lump of dough. It takes time for it to pervade the lump of dough; time for it to change the character of the lump of dough; and it can do it only by fermentation and agitation. There are a great many men in the world who are afraid of agitation, but yeast would never make a good

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loaf of bread—I put it to the housekeepers here—if it did not produce agitation; and the kingdom of God never will pervade the world except as there is agitation by the spirit of righteousness against the spirit of a dull content.

Christ himself had to battle against this inertia in his own disciples. They did not understand him. He looked upon them sometimes with pathetic sadness, saying, Shall the Son of man find faith on the earth when he returns? How long have I been with you, and you have not understood me! It has been well said, when he talked in parables they thought he was talking literally; when he talked literally they thought he was talking in parables. He had to work his way into the hearts of men through parables to the elucidation of the truth. Having ears, he said, they hear not; and eyes, they see not; and hearts, they cannot understand. It was so then; it is so now; it will be so till the end is achieved. Truth makes its way against the inertia of mankind.

But not only that, it makes its way also against open opposition. It was so then; it is so now; it will be so till the end is achieved. Christ compared the kingdom of heaven to wheat sown in the field; and when men went out to cultivate the wheat, they found alongside of the wheat tares—a weed that chokes out wheat, growing by the side of it. They said, "Shall we not pull the tares up?" No, replied the householder, you will uproot good wheat; let them both grow together, the good and the evil. That is a part of the history of the kingdom of God; both grow together, the evil with the good. Man never experienced *delirium tremens* until some one invented distilled liquors. Increased civilization brings increased temptations, and increased temptations bring increased vices. A gentleman here asked the other night, How is it, if Christianity is the best religion, that there are more crimes in a Christian community than there are in a Turkish or a Persian or an Indian community? How is it? Partly because the standards of morality are different, partly because men are larger and have a larger life. What is a crime in one community is no crime in another. To-day we are, I hope, determined that the polygamist shall not take his seat in Congress, with his three wives in Washington. But if he were in Turkey he might be the Sultan of the whole empire and have forty of them. What is crime in America is not crime in Turkey. Moreover, as manhood increases, the possibilities of crime increase. There could not be forgery until men learned how to write; nor murder by poisoning until men learned chemistry; nor embezzlement until there was a credit system. Evil grows with the good, and evil fights the good, in the individual, in the community.

I appeal to your own experience: Do you not, as a man, know a hundred temptations that you never knew when a boy? Has not your enlarged life brought you into conflict with new temptations? Is not all your life a struggle? Only two men have a life that is free from struggle; one is the hardened sinner, the other is the perfected saint—and perfected saints are very, very few. The struggle that goes on in every man is itself the epitome of and is itself duplicated by the greater struggle that goes on in society. Life is a battle between light and darkness, between good and evil, between truth and falsehood; and if sometimes we grow discouraged, sometimes inclined to throw our weapons down, sometimes inclined to give the struggle up, let us at least remember that the Master gave us warning. I do not think his disciples are going to give up the conflict. Men tell me that licentiousness and drunkenness and gambling and fraud and cruelty and rapine have come to stay. I do not believe they have come to stay; but of one thing I am certain: purity and truth and honor and courage and battle to the death with evil have come to stay.

One other thing which Jesus Christ taught, and which, I think, most men have failed to note, is that the good God has left men to fight out the battle for themselves. The Master said in one of the parables I have referred to: The kingdom of heaven is like a nobleman going away into a far country and leaving his estate in the charge of his stewards. He has gone: I want instructions how to pursue my work; there is no telegraph wire. I want to be told what I shall do; there is no mail. I want authority. He says: You have it in yourself. I put this estate in your hands: make the best you can out

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of it. That is Christ's own figure of the kingdom of God.

Sometimes to us this seems hard; sometimes we wish that he would come and by some sudden and wonderful revelation of his power transform society, put an end to the injustice and wrong of life, and put righteousness and good will in their place. But this he does not do; and the Master has told us that this he will not do. He throws the responsibility of humanity upon men, and leaves them to fight the battle out and reach the result by their own strong effort. Strange! and yet we are learning that this is the only way. We are learning in our colleges and higher institutions of learning to throw the responsibility on the college boys, who used to be watched, with tutors and guardians and monitors, to see that they did their work aright. We are learning, in politics, to trust the government to the people, and not to a few men watching over the people, ruling the people, or acting for the people. There is something splendid in this aspect of our National life. Shall we have gold for a currency, or silver, or gold and silver, or neither gold nor silver, but greenbacks? Let us call a few expert bankers, who know about currency, and allow them to determine it for us! Not so; we American people determine it for ourselves, for good or for evil; and the porter in the bank has the same vote that the bank president himself possesses. We are trying the experiment of letting the people work out the problem for themselves. We have not yet solved our National problems, and yet we are reaching out our flag over other lands. It flies over Cuba, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines. We have hardly yet learned to govern ourselves, and yet already we are beginning to debate in our minds how the Filipinos and the Hawaiians and the Puerto Ricans and the Cubans shall be governed. Who shall determine? Shall we appoint a commission? take a college president, and a Senator, and give responsibility into their hands, and go about our money-making? No! You and I not only have to determine our municipal, our local, our National destiny, but we have to take our share in determining the destiny of the whole world.

These are but illustrations of what God is doing in the eternal realm. He holds himself apparently apart. No eye sees him; no ear hears his voice; no telegram from him brings instructions; no letter brings us word what we are to do. We blunder on, but by the blundering we learn wisdom; by failures we hew our own way to success; by our mistakes, our errors, aye, and I dare say it, by our very sins, we grow in character—and character is everything. Take off this load of responsibility from the human race and we might be happy but we could never be great. God treats us as men. In the Jewish story of the creation he is portrayed as saying, I give you the world to possess it, and I give you the power to control it. I can imagine how Adam might have carried on a conversation like this: "I do not understand the world." "No, you do not, but you must learn." "I cannot travel as fast as the deer." "But you will make a machine that will run faster." "I cannot overcome the lion in conflict." "But you will make a gun that will kill him. I have put the world into your hands; you must find out, you must grope your way from childhood to manhood, and by the very groping you will grow to wisdom, by the very battle you will grow in strength." [1]

This, then, is what Christ said about the future: There is a splendid social order, a new régime yet to come. It has begun already. It will take time to work it out. It will have to be worked out by yourselves, against your own inertia, against your own blunders, against opposition of others, against the opposition that will spring up in yourself.

Did he say nothing of personal immortality? Yes! but much less than men have sometimes imagined. He spoke not as a higher animal to higher animals, but as a Son of God to sons of God. He told his disciples once that "he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." There is no dying, only transition, a passing through the curtain to the other realm that is close at hand. He told his disci-

[1] In the half-hour of public questioning which followed the sermon, the speaker was asked what he made of such promises as "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." He replied that he believed in it heartily; but that this promise was rather to enforce the courage and clarify the moral vision of the trusting soul than to give specific counsels how to solve special problems or meet special exigencies.

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ples that this world is not the only dwelling-place in the universe; in it are many dwelling-places, and there will be a place for you beyond. When sometimes the worker grows weary and the soldier faint-hearted, or his little life comes toward its end, and he looks back and sees how little he has done or can do for others about him, and then looks forward to see into what kind of life his children are launched and in what kind of conflict they are to take part—then, in that hour, he may take comfort from the reflection that, having done his little here, the end is not, but still there is another sphere out of which he can still put forth influences for the redemption and the upbuilding of humanity. And when the grave covers all that he can see of the one he loved and lived with here on earth, he then can take hope and cheer from the faith that it has covered only what he saw, and that which he really loved and which was invisible, the love, the faith, the patience, the long-suffering, the gentleness, the courage, these invisible things that made her what she was—these death cannot touch with so much as a little finger.

I turn from this teaching of the Master to the teaching of history; what has it been? When Jesus Christ came, nineteen hundred years ago, the government of the then civilized world was an absolute despotism. The Emperor of Rome held the lives, the properties, and the earthly destinies of the citizen in his hands. He appointed the governors, he levied the taxes, he made the laws, he ruled with an absolute rule, which was filtered out through a bureaucracy as absolute as himself. To-day we live in a country whose geographical boundaries may be fitly compared to those of Rome; but all the power springs from the people, and the public officers are the servants of the people. Then the bureaucracy was law, and independence was revolt; to-day liberty is law and bureaucracy is revolt. Then one-half the people of Rome were slaves, owned absolutely by their masters, so that the master could, as one did, throw a slave into the fish-pond to feed his fishes; and of the other half, the greater proportion lived in abject poverty. To-day, not only in America, but wherever Christianity has become dominant, every man owns himself and is in that measure his own master. Then there was nothing that could be called marriage. What men called marriage was only a commercial partnership, which might be dissolved at the will of either husband or wife at any time. The word home had no existence either in the Greek or the Latin language, nor was there anything equivalent to it. To-day America is covered with happy, peaceful, and prosperous homes, and there is scarcely a workman who does not live in more practical comfort than the man who dwelt in a palace without a fireplace or a glass window, without moral atmosphere, without liberty, without a permanent home. Then there was no school for rich or poor; no education, save in gymnastics and rhetoric—the use of the fists and the use of the tongue. To-day there is the public school for every child; and though now and then in a great city like this of ours there are not school accommodations enough, yet on any morning you may see the boys and girls trooping happily to their school-room, to get the best education which democracy can give to its children. Then religion made no attempt to make men better; the only religion there was, was founded on dread of the gods. Now in our Christian pulpits we Christian ministers are trying to do what we can to make men better; we are turning our faces to the future, not to the past. I admit with sorrow that we do not always succeed; I admit with sorrow that we do not do as well as we ought or as well as we might. But then I remember that carpenters build poor houses and plumbers make poor joints; that lawyers lose their cases, and doctors their patients. I am told that over ninety per cent. of merchants fail in business, and I wonder if there are not at least ten per cent. of the ministry who are doing good work in the world. I think that is a great underestimate.

And yet the kingdom of God has only begun; the sun has only just risen above the mountain peaks; it is flooding the highest mountains, but not yet the deepest valleys. I look forward to the time when the government of this country will be government by the best—not by a few best men ruling over the many men supposed to be inferior, but by the best in every man over the inferior in every man; and self-government for the nation will

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be founded on what is the only permanent foundation—self-government in each individual; when there will be no longer government by the machine, for the machine, and of the machine, but government for the people, by the people, and of the people will be supreme; when the people themselves will make the nominations as well as the elections, and vote on the larger and more important laws. I look forward to the time when, by no sudden revolution, but by the gradual diffusion of education and the gradual diffusion of wealth, the capitalistic system will yield to a democracy of industry, as slavery has yielded to feudalism, and feudalism to capitalism; when the men who work, some with brain and some with hand and some with both brain and hand, will themselves own the implements of industry, and labor will hire capital instead of capital hiring labor. I look forward to the time when education will be broader than it is to-day; when no child anywhere shall be shut out, black or white or yellow or red; when education shall begin with the kindergarten and end in the university; when this great Nation shall give every man, not only an opportunity to do what he can, but also the knowledge which he is capable of receiving and utilizing in his life; when education will be for the hand as well as for the brain, and for the conscience as well as for the intellect. I look for the time when we shall everywhere know that creeds are for deeds, and dogmas are for life, and that whatever creed does not help to make a man better is a false creed, and whatever dogma does not help to make a man better is old rubbish to be thrown out and burned with unquenchable fire; when we shall understand that the best way to serve our God is by serving our fellow-men, and that the best church is the one which best fits men for the kingdom of God on the earth.

But if this is to be so, you and I, fellow-citizens, must bring it about. We must do it by living soberly—that is, by putting life always above things; by living righteously—that is, by always thinking how we can render the largest service to our fellow-men; by living godly—that is, not in fear of God, but in loving reverence toward him; and by living hopefully—that is, by pushing forward to a better civic, social, industrial, and political order on this earth, in which our lot is cast, and the laws of which we can understand. It is for us in political life to take our part in bearing the burdens of government, and to see, so far as in us lies, that it is pure and true and just; never to go into politics for what we can make out of it, and never to give our vote to a man who has gone into politics for what he can make out of it. It is for us in industry, not to see how much we can get for how little service we can render, nor to make careful estimate as to how much our services are, in our judgment, fairly worth, and render the service that is paid for, no more, no less, but to go into our shop, our office, our place, wherever it may be, to render the highest and the best service we can render. It is for us to put education—that is, character-building—above everything else for our children, to count no sacrifice too great which sends our boys and our girls into life better equipped for noble, true, pure living. It is to realize that religion is never founded on fear, to have no part in superstition, and to take our share in the world in promoting a religion that is reverential toward God and loving toward man.

I have realized, in speaking to you here on these Sunday nights, that you are men of very different opinions. Some of you are unbelievers; some of you are Protestants; some of you are Roman Catholics; some of you are Jews; some of you would find it difficult, probably, to catalogue yourselves anywhere—but I have believed in the thorough fairness of an American audience; I have believed that you wished me to speak my own faith freely. I have respected your faiths while I have given you my own. I do not care much for names; I think my Master cared even less. He did not coin the name "Christian." It was coined after he was dead and gone, and coined then in derision, not in honor. I do not ask of you to take any name; but if you believe that manhood means putting life above things, service above getting, reverence above fear, and hope above despair, then I ask you to take these teachings of Him whom I call Master, whatever you may call him, and do what in you lies to put them into your homes, your industries, your society, your government—in brief, into all your lives.

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AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR

X.—The Mormons[1]

Industrial independence

As I was entering Utah one of my car companions proved to be an apostate Mormon. He had left the Church because it interfered with his "liberty," but, he said, "unlike most Mormon apostates," he had not become an absolute infidel. He still believed in God and immortality, and thought that the Mormon conception of the future life, that men advanced from glory to glory until they became gods, was more full of hope than anything promised in any of the other Churches. He was an uneducated workman, and not naturally religious, but the way in which he spoke of the Mormon faith would have convinced me—had I needed such convincing—that his former Church did not owe its marvelous hold upon its poorer members to the provisions it made for their material advancement. Nevertheless, the most instructive things he told me related to these provisions. Brigham Young, he said, tried to provide that each family in the towns should own an acre, and each family in the farming districts fifteen or twenty acres—every family all the land it could use. The result was that nearly every Mormon family owns its farm or home. This statement was afterwards repeated by other Mormon sympathizers, and I now find that it is abundantly confirmed by the National census of mortgages. In the cities and towns of Utah, despite the recent Gentile immigration to Salt Lake City, sixty per cent. of the families own their homes, and in the rural districts, where the population is almost entirely Mormon, ninety-one per cent. own their farms. The only State in the Union which equals Utah in its freedom from landlords in town or country is Maine, and even there the greater number of mortgages makes the record less satisfactory than in the Mormon commonwealth. The people of Utah, whatever their ecclesiastical servitude, are industrially free.

My first Mormon acquaintance

My car acquaintance was not inclined to speak of his grievances against his old Church—and I liked him the better for it—but the impression he left upon my mind was a cheerless one, except as regards industrial conditions. My next Utah acquaintance—my first orthodox Mormon acquaintance—was of an entirely different type. In the depot at Ogden, where I was detained for nearly an hour, I fell into conversation with a young man whose refined face and clear eyes recalled to me the best type of a New England college boy. I was not surprised when he told me that he was a school-teacher; but when he said that he was a Mormon, I felt that the Mormon religion must be something better than I had ever imagined. His name, I soon learned, was that of one of my best friends at Amherst, his father's brother was a Congregational minister in New England, and his father had been converted to Mormonism after he reached manhood. The only anti-Mormon prejudice which this young man's face and conversation did not belie was that against polygamy. I was relieved to find that his father was not a polygamist and had never believed polygamy an essential part of the Mormon faith. I did not learn from him what the Mormon faith was, but I entered Salt Lake City that Sunday morning determined to find out what there was in Mormonism that made it a power in the lives of good and educated men.

A Mormon missionary

By noontime I had found my way to a Mormon Sunday-school. It was in the assembly house in one of the well-to-do "wards," and two or three of the teachers were distinctively of the aristocratic type. One

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of these—the son of a prominent Salt Lake banker—had a face that was intellectually fine, though spiritually it was lacking. The Superintendent was not a man of culture, but his remarks, and still more his prayer, were fully up to the general level in well-to-do Sunday-schools in the East. The lesson, unfortunately, was about Moses, and there was nothing to indicate that I was in a Mormon rather than an orthodox Sunday-school. The hymns, indeed, were unfamiliar, but they embodied no novel doctrine and were remarkably well sung. Altogether I learned nothing of the distinctive tenets of Mormonism, until a man of forty, with a strong but unprepossessing face, seated himself beside me and we began to converse. This man proved to be a returned missionary, and as he was even fonder of a discussion than myself, it was nearly time for afternoon church when he had finished with me. I learned from him what there was in the Mormon faith that had made men willing to endure scorn and persecution in its behalf.

This missionary was an Englishman by birth, and his parents were Baptists. When, as a young man, he was religiously awakened, he saw that the churches about him did not attempt to follow the Word of God. At this time he heard the preaching of some Mormon missionaries, and found that the Mormon Church accepted in their simplicity the commands that had rested upon his own conscience. When I asked what some of these were, he replied somewhat as follows: "Well, there is the command to fast. Nothing in the Bible is clearer, yet none of the Christians about me ever thought of fasting. The Mormons, on the contrary, have frequent days of fasting and prayer, and in order to fast for the good of others, the portion they would naturally have consumed on that day is devoted scrupulously to the poor. Then there is the command to pay tithes. The other churches treat it as a dead letter. The Mormons, on the contrary, pay their tithes with religious exactness. From the poorest to the richest, all pay to the Church and through the Church one-tenth of all their increase. Then there is the command to ministers not to take scrip or purse when they go forth to preach the Gospel. The Mormon missionaries who came to England came in this way, and all who go forth now either go as did the Apostles, or have themselves saved the money to meet their own expenses. It was in this way that I went, and in this way that about two thousand Mormon missionaries are now carrying forward our work in other States and in foreign lands. No Mormon ever preaches for pay, neither does any Mormon disobey the Scriptures by preparing beforehand what he shall say. We trust that it will be revealed to us what we shall speak, and so follow Christ's command. We also obey the command that brother shall not go to law with brother. If two of us cannot settle our disputes, we accept the judgment of the appointed Church officers. Finally, we accept the teaching of Scripture that God will continue to reveal himself to his people, and that he commands us to be perfect as he is perfect. We do not believe that revelation ended eighteen hundred years ago, but think that the Holy Spirit will lead into all truth those whose hearts are pure; and we try, by fasting and prayer, by abstinence from liquors and tobacco and everything that deadens the higher nature, to keep our hearts sensitive to the divine guidance. We believe that God intends that we shall become like himself." The various points were not made in such rapid succession. But as point after point of the New Testament faith cherished by the Mormons was set forth, I saw more clearly than before that it was not what was sensual and false in the Mormon creed that had made its adherents face death in the desert, but the truths which in all ages have made saints and martyrs.

The defense of polygamy

When, however, I forced the conversation to the question of polygamy, the almost eloquent expressions of an exalted mysticism gave place to pettifogging literalism and disgusting materialism. No ecclesiastic, however, ever used the letter of Scripture to silence conscience much better than this Mormon missionary. "Was not Abraham the 'father of the faithful'?" "Was not David 'a man after God's own heart'?" "Has God changed?" If I had believed in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, or if I had disbelieved in the Mormon doctrine of continuous revelation, it would have been impossible for me to answer him. When, however, recalling his own faith

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that higher laws become binding upon the consciences of later generations, I cited the words of Christ against the Mosaic law of divorce, he resorted to casuistry as strained as ever disgraced pulpit justifications of crime. "The Mormons," he said, "do not allow a man to put away his wife. . . . We regard adultery as a crime second only to murder." But he made a wide distinction between the adultery of putting away one wife to marry another and the sanctity of bringing the second woman into the family of the first! In the course of his argument he went at length into the physiology of men and women to show that polygamy was the divine order; and finally, in order to find a Christian precedent for the practice, made the monstrous claim that Christ himself was probably a polygamist. His whole argument was revolting.

A monogamous congregation

I afterwards talked with other Mormons about polygamy, but those who defended it at all did so with much better sense and better feeling than this extremely able missionary. I was finally at a loss to account for the singular offensiveness of his argument, except on the supposition that he himself had entered into polygamous relations in violation of his conscience, and had afterwards wrenched his moral nature, as ecclesiastics are apt to do when determined to find a religious justification for wrong. The other Mormons with whom I spoke uniformly referred to polygamy as a dead issue, and one or two of them referred to Brigham Young's declaration that Mormons would abandon polygamy when Gentiles fulfilled the duty of matrimony. All of these Mormons—and fair-minded non-Mormons supported them—agreed in declaring that not more than ten per cent. of Mormon families had ever been polygamous. The truth of this statement ought to be apparent to any one who has ever visited Utah, even if he has carried his investigations no further than a single visit to the Mormon Tabernacle. When, after a ten-minute dinner, I reached that great assembly-place just as the service began, it seemed to me that I had rarely seen a congregation that was further from suggesting polygamy. If the overworked traveler from another planet should make us another visit and get his impressions of Mormonism and orthodoxy from the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City and a fashionable congregation in New York, he would surely report to his fellow-beings that the orthodox Christians are polygamists and the Mormons monogamists. What seemed to be true regarding the proportion of men and women in the Tabernacle is demonstrably true in the whole State of Utah. The last census showed 110,000 males and only 97,000 females. Among the adults the disproportion of men is even greater, for among the children the number of males and females is the same. Curiously enough, my Mormon missionary, in arguing that polygamy was the divine order, had claimed that the number of girls vastly exceeded the number of boys. I mention the mistake because an intelligent friend of mine in the East had the same impression, and even thought that the disproportion of girls might be two or three to one. My friend, I hardly need say, was from Massachusetts; but even in his State the number of single males slightly exceeds the number of single females. A similar disproportion of males exists wherever immigration has exceeded emigration, for it is pre-eminently the young men who leave home to seek their fortunes. Nowhere does polygamy do such violence to the natural order as in the western part of the United States, where Mormonism attempted to establish it. Among the Mormons themselves the record of children shows that the original order of creation still rules, and that, as in the beginning, male and female creates He them.

Another returned missionary

The service in the Tabernacle opened with superb singing by the great choir. In every district, I was afterwards told, there is a similarly drilled choir, and yearly these choirs gather at great musical festivals. The universal cultivation of music is practically a part of the Mormon religion. After the singing and prayer, President Paul, of the Agricultural College, who had recently returned from a two years' missionary residence in England, was asked to address the congregation regarding his experiences. In him I found a missionary of a much finer type than my companion of the morning.

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There was the utmost sincerity and directness in everything he said, and the man's personality was healthful and attractive. He told the congregation of his labors as one of the twenty-five missionaries of the Birmingham Conference. With the old Christian spirit he spoke of the revilings and persecutions endured and the false reports circulated about them. He had pleaded with those who would hear him to judge Mormonism by its fruits. Among the Mormons, he had told the English, there was no profanity and no drinking, and the poor were cared for as nowhere else in the world. He had been helped and strengthened by his labors, but his words and those of his companions had seemed to fall on deaf ears. There had been no converts. The effect of the address, while uplifting because of the spiritual character of the man, was depressing to the congregation because of the report as to results, and Apostle George Q. Cannon followed the missionary with an address of encouragement. The work done by the missionaries in this life, he said, was merely the beginning of that which they were to do in the life to come. He himself, as a young man, had spent years in preaching to the Hawaiians. This labor was in no sense lost, though the converts made were among a dying race. "In the next world these converts shall preach." Still another speaker followed, but his address could not have been distinguished from a sermon in an orthodox pulpit. Indeed, his central thought was the well-known definition of religion as "the life of God in the soul of man."

The Mormon hierarchy

After the service I took a long walk through one of the residence districts of the city, and had occasion to admire, not only the way in which it was laid out, but also the architecture of many of the dwellings. Particularly was this true on the hill where the leading members of the old hierarchy had their homes. Brigham Young himself seems to have been nearly as great a genius as an architect as he was as a statesman, financier, and leader of men—and women. From an acquaintance whom I chanced to meet during my walk—an Episcopalian whose wife had been brought up a Mormon—I inquired how Brigham Young had acquired his great private fortune, and the answer was, Entirely through business sagacity. Though he devoted a large part of his energy to building up the wealth of the Church and the co-operative industries which he planned, his private investments of every sort proved so remunerative that at his death he left about $20,000 to each of his wives and children, and about $1,200,000 to the Brigham Young Academies that are scattered all over the State. Other members of the hierarchy had also been exceptionally successful in business, and although one or two of them owed their fortunes to Union Pacific contracts, their wealth, as a rule, was as honorably acquired as any in the country. They did not owe their wealth to their position in the Church, but rather their position in the Church to their wealth. Nearly all these magnates were polygamists. In fact, I had not been long in Utah before I was compelled to observe that polygamy was generally confined to what are everywhere called "the better classes." Herbert Spencer remarks that the nobility in Europe was the last class to give up polygamy; and certainly in Utah the aristocracy was the first to re-establish it—the "royal family" leading the way. The reason, of course, was largely financial—as only the better-to-do men were able to support several families. But supplementing this financial reason there soon came to be an ecclesiastical one. Just as the Catholic Church was led by its glorification of celibacy to demand the celibacy of its clergy, so the Mormon Church was led by its glorification of polygamy to demand the polygamy of its higher ministers. Thus polygamy came to be the mark of leadership in the Church as well as leadership in the business world; and when we recall how men in other Churches accept the leadership of the aristocracy—despite all that Christ said about such leadership—we cannot wonder that the Mormons came to attach peculiar dignity and even sanctity to an institution represented by the men of wealth, the men of intelligence, and the men of standing in their Church.

On Monday morning I called at the Church headquarters, and was courteously received by Counselor George Q. Cannon (whose son, the Senator, I had previously met in the East), and was introduced

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by him to Mr. Milton Musser, one of the Church historians, who in turn introduced me to other Church leaders, and explained to me the ecclesiastical system. One of the leaders to whom I was presented was Lorenzo Snow, whose official title is "Prophet, Priest, and Revelator, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in all the world." Mr. Snow proved to be a man with an exceptionally refined face and gentlemanly bearing, over whom eighty-odd winters had passed leaving hardly a mark upon his vigor of body or cheerfulness of spirit. He had graduated at Oberlin, back in the days when Oberlin alone among the colleges stood for the principles of humanity which all now profess. It was easy to see that it was the vision of a new brotherhood and not sensual passion that had impelled him toward the Mormon faith. Other of the leading men were hardly less remarkable in appearance, particularly some of the heads of the large business houses. With these men most of my conversation did not relate to Mormonism, and it was at first hard for me to realize that they were Mormons. When, however, I had met a succession of them, and found that they were usually as prominent in their Church as they were in the business world, I began to suspect that the Book of Mormon must be a finer book than I had imagined. This suspicion, however, proved to be utterly unfounded, for when, at the end of the second or third day, I bought a copy of the book, it seemed to me even emptier than I had previously supposed. But the intellectual weakness of the book does not seriously affect the intellectual strength of the men who believe in it, and there is no doubt that they administer with ability the marvelous Church system under which the Mormon people have attained their prosperity.

A democratic theocracy

The Mormon Church is a democratic theocracy, whose activities cover almost as wide a field as the advanced Socialist would ask for the State. It not only cares for the religious, moral, and intellectual education of its members, but protects them against mutual wrongs, and looks after their material and even their social well-being. Every ward seemed to have its pleasure house, which was often in the same building with the meeting-house, and was recognized as hardly less essential to the collective life of the community. In caring for its poorer members the whole Church virtually made itself a vast labor exchange. At the central headquarters in Salt Lake City, Mr. Musser told me, the officials are in touch with the industrial needs of every Mormon family in Utah, Idaho, and Colorado, and wherever men need work, or work needs men, the needs are at once supplied. In this way the recruits gained by the missionaries are cared for and made to feel that the Mormon system is applied Christianity.. The judicial system of the Church is the necessary outcome of their belief that brother should not go to law with brother. If there is a disagreement between Mormons in any ward, the ward "bishop" and two counselors act as arbitrators, without occasioning any expense. If either of the parties refuses to accept the decision, an appeal can be taken to a "stake" or county court made up of "high priests," if I remember correctly. From this body, in important cases, another appeal can be had to the "presidency," composed of the highest Church officials; and, finally, the matter may be referred to the whole body of the Church. The penalty of not accepting the decision of this final court of appeals is, of course, excommunication, and few Mormons have ever invoked this penalty. This judicial system is effective in nearly every case without resort to physical compulsion.

The funds with which the Church carries on its work of Church extension, education, poor relief, etc., are raised by the tithing system. Everybody is expected to bring to the "stake" or county tithing-house an exact tenth of all his income. The expectation seems to be generally fulfilled, for the Mormon Church has developed among its members more sensitive consciences regarding the payment of their income taxes than any other Church has developed among its members in any part of the world. When I spoke of the obvious injustice of exacting the same percentage from the poorest wage-earner as from the richest capitalist—because the small incomes leave no margin from which taxes can be taken without inhumanity—Mr. Musser replied that the Church asked all to give the

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ception was as cordial as the letter, and the Bishop gave up to me the greater part of the morning. The factory in many respects resembled the cane-sugar factory

beets whether much or little is extracted, the profits of the factory have greatly increased as the beets have improved in quality. The factory was established in 1891, and for several years past its divi-

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farm. This fear, however, was removed when he learned from whom my letter came. I was received with apparently as much cordiality and confidence as if I told me that I was in a polygamous household. I have not since been so confident of my ability to read faces. The incident, however, rather helped relations

against it, things were getting disgraceful. Old men who couldn't support one wife were going about the country picking up all the finest girls in sight." Of course he laughed as he said this, but there was clearly serious observation, if not experience, behind it. The polygamists could pick up the finest girls. Just as the finest girls in the Catholic Church can the most easily be led to take the veil, so the finest girls in the Mormon Church could most easily be led into a polygamous marriage. Another orthodox Mormon, a young man of great personal refinement, whose beautiful wife is the daughter of one of the more famous Apostles, told me that his wife would have preferred to marry a polygamist, "though," he added, "she would not now wish me to take another wife." She, however, belongs to the younger generation, and is in close touch with the Gentile world. At Bountiful, the sweet-faced old lady who protested against my host's blocking the project for a public water supply told me with all seriousness that she had often urged her husband to take another wife, but he had always replied that one was enough for him. Among the women the teaching of the Church had an astonishing hold, but among the young men—particularly those who were in touch with Gentile thought—the revolt against polygamy was under way before the revolution came.

The revolution is now accomplished. Polygamous relations entered into before the manifesto of 1890 are not at an end, but new polygamous marriages are not being solemnized. I know that this statement is disputed by those Utah Gentiles who show their love of their own religion by their hatred of the religion of their neighbors; but the statements of this class rarely stood examination. On my return from Bountiful I was told by a moderate opponent of Mormonism that he knew a Mormon in Bountiful who had taken a second wife since the manifesto. When I asked if he meant Doctor ——, he said yes; and when I asked if he knew of any other case of the sort, he said no. I had seen Doctor ——, and my Mormon escort had told me about him just what this Gentile critic now said: this doctor had entered into a polygamous relationship since the manifesto, but the Church in Utah had not given its sanction. If illicit relations without the sanction of Church or State constitute polygamous marriages, then polygamous marriages are still being entered into in Utah, but they are also being entered into elsewhere. A healthy public sentiment still needs to be generated, but this need is one that religion alone can create, and that the abuse of the Mormon sect will only retard.

The third day I was in Salt Lake City it was my fortune to become almost intimately acquainted with an apostate Mormon belonging to the inner circle of the old hierarchy. We had worked together in a cause having no relation with the Mormon faith, and the interests we had in common led him to tell me his own position, and how the various changes had affected his own family. "A little over ten years ago," he said, "Delegate Cannon returned from Washington and told several of the leaders how the anti-polygamy agitation was gathering headway, and how the Church must bend, or suffer an unending conflict. At a conference attended by Jacob Sharp, a director of the Union Pacific; Delegate Cannon; my brother-in-law, and a few others, it was decided that the Church should bend and that those present should promise to obey the law. Director Sharp was the first man tried after this conference; but when he stated in court that he would obey the law, a perfect whirlwind of indignation swept over the State, compelling Sharp's excommunication, and making the other leaders afraid to follow his example; yet Jacob Sharp has since been buried with all the honors of the Church. If President Woodruff's revelation against polygamy had come even a year earlier, there would have been another tempest, and the Church would have repudiated it. Coming when it did, it was submitted to, and now a majority, at least of the men, indorse it. When I remember how things were fifteen years ago, and how they are to-day, the change seems absolutely miraculous. When Taylor said in court, in the early eighties, that he would 'nail to the mast the colors of Mormonism' and cling to his wives in defiance of the Government, fifty thousand Mormons poured into Salt Lake City to do him honor. Yet, in the early nineties, President Woodruff and Counselor Cannon were able to tell the

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court that they neither 'favored nor wished for' a return of polygamy. No one who knows anything about the slowness with which social changes take place, particularly when religious sympathies are enlisted, could have hoped for a more rapid transformation." In this view I heartily concur.

The Three Master Tradesmen

By Seumas McManus

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "In Chimney Corners," etc.

THERE was once and there was a king in Ireland, in the old, old times long ago, and he had three sons, who grew up to be fine fellows, a credit to the father and mother that reared them, and a credit to themselves. These three young men, or three princes, as we should call them, were very fond of sporting—hunting, fishing, and shooting, and such like—and so they used to be out and off almost every day, away in the woods and mountains, afther their sport whatever it might be; but, lo and behold ye! wasn't there one day the' were off in the woods like this, and when that time of day come and the hunger took them, they sat down, and, piling up a big fire, roasted plenty of game, and with a good wash-down—that you may take your davy they never left their father's threshel without—made a fine hearty dinner; and when they were restin' and chattin' afther it, "Ah!" says one of them suddenly, that way, says he, "but it's me 'ill have the fine times of it intirely when our father's dead, an' all these woods 'ill be my own to do whatever I like with!" The other two looked at him dumbfoundhered a bit for a while, an'—"Well, plague on ye for yer imperence," says both of them at once, "do ye imagine *you*'ll step into all when our father dies?" "I intend havin' these woods for meself," says one; and "I intend havin' these woods for meself," says the other.

And there it was, one word borrowed another, and from words the' soon fell to blows, and the three of them commenced malleyvoguin' each other, like all that ever was, about which of them would take their father's place when he'd die. And the end of it was that they fetched themselves home to their father that night in such a plight that neither himself nor the queen would take one of them to be their son; they had so battered and ill-used each other out of all knowin'.

The three of them all at once commenced his own story to their father, and every one of them wound up by axin' wouldn't he be king next. But the father was too cute to give them an answer. On very next day they went off to the woods again afther their sport, an' when they had made a rousin' dinner, cooked by themselves, with a good wash-down as usual, the same lad that made the mischief the day afore, stretches himself with a yawn and—"Ah!" says he, "but it's me 'ill have the gran' times of it intirely when these woods is all my own to do what I like with!" And "Plague on ye for yer *imperence*!" says one, and "Plague on ye for yer imperence!" says the other. "These woods 'ill fall to me," says one, and "These woods 'ill fall to me," says the other.

One word borrowed another this day again, and from words they came to blows, and they fell to it once more, malleyvoguin' each other till the' abused each other past knowin', and then they set out for home, and every one of them laid his complaints in with the king this night, too; but still the king, bein' in a quandharry what to do, would give them no satisfaction.

So the third day again they set off again to the woods afther their usual sports as before, an', to make a long story short, the self-same contentious lad that done the harm the two first days stretches himself afther he had his fill of a splendid dinner of roasted game, an' he says, "Oh!" says he, "but it's me 'ill have the grand time of it intirely when these woods are my own!" And "Plague take yer imperence!" says one, "the woods 'ill all belong to me!" an' "Plague take the both of yer imperences!" says the other,

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"the woods 'ill all belong to me!" And there ye were again. To it they fell, an' if they malleyvogued each other bad the first two days, they made nothin' short of picthurs of themselves this day; till when they brought themselves home to the king and queen that night there was no knowin' them, good, bad, or indifferent; and the king and the queen both ups and they said that something would have to be done; and the three princes said the very same thing—that something would have to be done; an' they ordered the king to settle it there an' then, that very night, which of them he was goin' to laive king afther him.

But the king was very loath on the subject, an' he told them that if they'd give him that night to think over it, he'd tell them in the mornin' what he intended doin'. So that night they agreed to give him, and in the mornin' the king right enough sent for the three of them, and he says, says he: "Me sons, whichever of the three of you I give my kingdom to, the other two of you will as good as starve, for none of yous have a trade that yous could turn your hand to, an' it's as plain as a whinstone quarry that whoever gets the kingdom will not bear the other two. I have been all night ruminatin' an' considherin' over this, an' I have come to the conclusion that the best thing to be done is to send the three of yous away for seven years to learn whatever trade each of yous choose. And then when on this day seven years each of yous come back, I'll put yous to the test, and whichever of yous is able to prove himself the cleverest and most finished masther tradesman, in whatever trade he has learnt, I'll appoint him to be king in my stead."

Well, of course none of them could say against this, and the three of them that very day bid the king and queen good-by and set out together to travel away before them till they'd find, each of them, a good worksman who'd teach them a trade. They traveled on and on before them, till, when it was getting on in the day, they come to a place where three roads branched off, and here, bidding each other good-by, and promising to meet and wait for one another at the same place on that day seven years, they parted, every one of them taking his own road.

Every one of them slept by the roadside with his bundle under his head that night, and they got up fresh the next morning and went on their ways, lonely enough. But about noon that day the eldest brother, on the road he was, fell in with a man on horseback, who got into chat with him and asked him where he was going or what was he looking for. And he told the horseman his errand, and how that he was on the lookout for a good masther workman to teach him a trade. The horseman then said if he liked he would teach him to be a robber, and finish him so that he would be as perfect as man could be. The prince agreed that it might be as good as any other to learn, so he bound himself there and then to the masther thief for seven years, and went off with him.

Only two of the brothers slept by the roadside that night, and the next day at noon the second brother fell in with another man, who turned out to be a masther marksman, and who, when he heard the prince's errand, offered to teach him to be the best marksman with the bow and arrow that the county could produce. He agreed that maybe this was as good a trade as he could learn, and so he bound himself over to the masther marksman for seven years to learn the trade.

Well, that night only the youngest prince slept by the roadside, for he hadn't yet met with a masther to his plaisement. But on the third day, just about the middle of the day, he, too, fell in with a man who begun making inquiry of him where he was going, or what was his errand; and when he found it, he said he was the best joiner in that country, and offered to make as good a one of him. So he agreed that a joiner might be as good a trade as he could learn, and he accordingly bound himself over to the masther joiner for seven years also.

Well, that fared well; the three of them were now settled in trades, and well they did at them; and, to make a long story short, as they say, they worked hard and industriously at them for the seven years; and when the seven years was up, just at twelve o'clock the eldest brother arrived at the crossroads where he parted his brothers seven years before, and sat down on his bundle to rest himself and wait for the other two. He wasn't long sitting when along the second road comes the second

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brother, and in very little time afther the youngest comes along the third road. Right glad they were to see each other, afther being so long parted, and off they set for home, every one telling his own story of what he had larnt and all happened to him since they parted. When they arrived home and were welcomed by the king and queen, seeing it was so late and that they were tired and fatigued afther their long journey, the king agreed to put off till the next day the trial of their aptness in their trades. Next morning, then, there was a great gathering intirely of the king's men, and all the nobility and all the country around about, to see the three princes put to the test, and see which of them would win their father's kingdom.

First, the king called forth the eldest of the three brothers, and, "Well, my son," he says, "what trade are you masther of?" "I," says the eldest son, "apprenticed myself to a robber, and am now a masther thief." "Very good," says the king, "I'll give you a test, and I hope you'll show yourself desarvin' of the title. Do you see that magpie's nest in yon tree," says the king, "with the magpie sittin' on the eggs?" "I do," says the prince. "Very good," says the king; "there's four eggs in that nest, and I want you to bring them to me without delay, without the magpie knowing that they are gone, and without ever disturbing her. And if you fail you'll lose your life."

No sooner said than done; the prince walks to the tree, and, climbing it hand over hand till he came right in under the nest, he makes a small hole in the bottom of the nest with his finger, and lets the four eggs fall into his hand. He then slips down, and, walking to the king, hands him the eggs. "Very well done, indeed," says the king; "you're masther of your trade right enough; and it'll surprise me very much if either of your brothers beats you."

"Now, my son," says the king to his second son, "what trade have you larnt, or are you masther of?" "I," says the second son, says he, steppin' forward with his bow and arrow slung at his back, "I am a masther marksman." "A very excellent trade," says the king, "and I hope you'll show yourself worthy." Taking up one of the magpie's eggs, the king called forth one of his soldiers and set it on his head. "Now," says the king, "you're to measure off three hundred yards, and from that distance break the egg without turning a hair on this man's head. If you fail, you must give up your life." The prince said nothing at all, but, steppin' off three hundred yards, he faced round, and, drawing his bow, sent the arrow clean through the egg on the man's head, just as easily as he might strike a house with it.

"Very good indeed," says the king; "you're equally as good as your elder brother, and your elder brother is equally as good as you, and if your young brother doesn't now beat the both of you—which seems to be very far from likely—I don't know what I'll do, or how I'll decide between yous."

"Well, my son," says the king to the youngest prince, "and what trade might you be masther of?" "I," says the youngest, steppin' forward, "I am a masther joiner." "A very good trade," says the king, "and I hope you'll show you have a right to be called masther of it. "Do you," says he to the prince, "take up the pieces of that egg your brother broke with his arrow and put them together again, without leaving any sign of where they are joined; otherwise you'll lose your head." The young prince gathered together the pieces of the broken egg without more ado, and in a short time he had them together into a whole shell again; then, mixing them up with the other three eggs, he asked the king to pick out the one he joined; but though the king looked them round and round, and over and over, he couldn't tell one from the other, or see any difference in them.

"Well," says the king, says he, "that beats all. The like of such cleverness I never saw before, and it would take as clever a man as yourselves now to tell which of yous is entitled to the kingdom, for I can't do it. So I think," said he, "I'll have to ordher yous off for seven years more to improve yourselves further, and see if at the end of that time any of yous has gained anything on the other."

They thought this, you may be sure, hard enough, but they had nothing for it but to start off the very next morning again, with their little bundles under their arms, blaming their father all they could for being so hard on them as to send them

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off for another seven years. And they didn't part company at the crossroads this time, but traveled on together for company sake for three days and three nights, and at the end of that time they came to a great castle where there was an odious big crowd gathered, an' on axin' the meanin' of it, they found that it was a fiery dragon who had come to carry away with him the king's daughter, a great beauty intirely; but if the lady could get any warrior bold enough to fight the dragon, the dragon was to fight with him, and give her a chance for her life. But none could be got to fight the fiery dragon; so, after waiting a fair time, the dragon caught up the lovely princess and flew away. He was just after goin' away with her when the three princes, or masther tradesmen, arrived, and they found the king in wonderful great grief intirely, moanin' and lamentin' an' takin' no comfort.

The eldest of the three princes then went up to the king, and proposed to go after the dragon and steal the young princess back from him. The king said if he'd do this he'd get the beautiful princess in marriage, and, moreover than that, he'd give him a whole kingdom with her, for a fortune. The prince said that was not a bad offer at all, and, taking his two brothers with him, he started off, and came up with the dragon where he was asleep in a wood, with the young princess under his head for a pillow, and so that she couldn't escape. The masther thief then made his two brothers pull a bag of long grass, and, quietly slipping out the princess from under the dragon's head, he slipped the bag of grass in, in its place, and off for the king's castle they started with her.

But they weren't long gone when the fiery dragon woke up, and found the princess had been stolen from him, and, with a wild roar the three brothers heard twenty miles away, he flew up into the air and away in pursuit. They were at this time crossin' an arm of the sea in a boat, with the princess in the bow, and they making all the speed they could for her father's castle, when, lo and behold ye! up in the air, right above them, they sees the dragon just preparing to come down atop of them. "What will we do?" says the one, and "What will we do?" says the other. "I'll tell ye what ye'll do," says the princess; "if any of you is a very good marksman intirely, he'll see a little red point underneath the Dragon's left wing as he is coming down on us, and if he can hit him on that spot he'll kill him. Otherwise," says she, "we may all give ourselves up for lost, for he'll devour us one and all, as sure as the sea's salt."

"Well," says the second brother, "I put up to be a masther marksman, and I'll try if I am worthy of my trade."

By this time the dragon was coming sweeping down atop of the boat, and the prince, taking up his bow and arrow, aims at him, and strikes him right fair on the red point underneath his wing, and killed him dead on the spot; and the dragon came tumbling down head foremost right plump into the boat, and broke the boat into two halves, out in the middle of the sea.

"Now," says the two elder brothers, calling on the younger, "if you're a masther joiner, let us see what you can do to save our lives." But he very soon showed that he was masther of his trade, and in a short time had the boat put together and as right as ever again.

Then they sailed on to land, and from there with all possible speed traveled as fast as fast horses could fetch them for the king's castle, the princess's father. And when they arrived there, the king was beside himself with joy at the rescue of his daughter, and the whole court was beside themselves with joy, and the whole country gathered in to join in the rejoicements; and the eldest brother got the hand of the lovely princess, and a kingdom for a fortune.

And for the good work of the other two brothers the princess's father got them married on to two other king's daughters, and they, too, got kingdoms for fortunes; and so there was no cause for dispute any more atween them, and they sent word to their father how they had fared—small thanks to him—and that he might now sow kail-seed in his kingdom and stock it with canary-birds, for they didn't want it, nor wouldn't have it, and that they were as happy as the day was long, themselves and their lovely brides, and as rich as that they could never get to the other end of their wealth—and we hope they kept so all the days of their lives ever after.

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FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

How Flossie Fed the Castaway

By Mary Allaire

Flossie was delighted. Any little girl would be, for the lamb was beautiful, and the pleading look in its eyes would make any loving little girl want to supply its mother's place at once.

It was a puzzle how it ever came there. Flossie's father found it on the road when he was taking the oxen to the blacksmith's to be shod. There, near a clump of bushes, from which the leaves were gone, was the tiny white lamb bleating and shivering.

Flossie's father got down from the ox-cart and took the lamb in his arms. When he saw how cold it was, he put it inside his coat. At the blacksmith's the lamb was put down close to the forge. That it was hungry Flossie's father knew, but how to feed it was the problem. When the oxen were shod, Flossie's father took the lamb in his arms and kept it warm under his coat again.

Flossie was swinging on the gate. She knew when she saw her father that he had some surprise for her. She danced up and down. "What is it, papa, what is it?"

As the oxen stopped at the gate, her papa opened his coat, and she saw the little white-and-pink nose of the lamb. In a minute she was climbing over the wheel and sitting beside her father holding the lamb tenderly in her arms, as the oxen turned slowly toward the barn.

"The little thing is very hungry, Flossie; you must feed him," said her father.

Flossie put the lamb down tenderly in the hay, but it stood on its wobbly legs, bleating piteously. Flossie hurried to the house, so interested in feeding the lamb that she forgot to ask where her father got it.

In a moment she was back with a pan of milk, but the little lamb only smelled at it and bleated the more piteously. Poor Flossie! Here was a situation. A hungry lamb, and plenty of milk, but no way to feed the lamb.

Flossie suddenly turned and ran over the fields toward a white house whose chimneys showed when the leaves were gone from the trees. She entered the kitchen of this house like a small tornado.

"I want one of the baby's bottles; we have a lamb," she announced in one breath.

Her Aunt Florence laughed.

"Yes; the lamb is hungry and can't drink out of a pan. It's a teenty, tiny lamb," she continued.

"Where did it come from?" asked her aunt.

"I don't know. Papa brought it, and

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it's crying awful; worse than the baby," she added, glancing toward the cradle, in which a sleeping baby lay.

Her aunt went to the closet and gave Flossie a rubber nipple, such as the baby used.

"Wait, Flossie!" She went down cellar, and came back with a pan of milk and a bottle. She put some on the stove to warm. When it was warmed she filled the bottle, put on the nipple, and wrapped the bottle in a woolen cloth.

"Run, dear, and feed your lamb," said her aunt, kissing her.

Flossie flew back over the field. She took the lamb out in the sunshine in a warm corner back of the barn. When she got the lamb so quiet that it would not run away from her, she unwrapped the bottle of warm milk, put the nipple in the lamb's mouth, and the lamb was fed so well that he fell asleep in Flossie's arms as she sat on an old stump, leaning against the barn in the sunshine.

No one ever inquired for the lamb, and he became Flossie's.

I'll tell you more about them some other time.

Wild Animal Store and Exchange

Many years ago, when money was scarce, the shoemaker took his pay, for the shoes he made, from the farmer in potatoes, corn, pigs, or pork. The gardener worked the shoemaker's garden, and took shoes in exchange. The carpenter built the painter's house, and the painter painted the carpenter's house as part payment at least. In some parts of our country to-day, where there is little money in circulation, the farmers exchange day's work. The storekeeper gives sugar, coal, or calico for butter, eggs, or chickens. Each of these things has a market price, and the exchange is easily accomplished. But there is one class of exchange that is particularly unusual and interesting.

Wild animals have a regular rate of exchange. Recently the director of the menagerie at Central Park, New York, gave a young hippopotamus, three Cape of Good Hope buffaloes, eight red deer, and several other small animals in exchange for three polar bears, two black leopards, an Indian antelope, an oryx antelope, a yak antelope, a pair of African ostriches, a pair of condor vultures, and ten pairs of swans. A man in the wild animal business, who often makes exchanges, says that one rhinoceros is more valuable than an elephant or a hippopotamus. Twelve lions six years old are worth one rhinoceros.

The greatest animal-dealers in the world are in Hamburg, Germany, where for three generations, at least, the Hagenbeck family have controlled the wild animal business. They send men into the forests and jungles of the world to capture wild animals, and buy from the natives the animals they capture that are alive and in perfect condition. The dealer must also train the animal, and teach him how to live in captivity. He must study the habits of the animal in order to do this. He must train men until they know just how to use the animals, keeping them happy and healthy. The sick or ugly animals have no value. Good business ability teaches a man that good care and kindness mean so many more dollars in the worth of the animal to be sold.

A Useful Plant

One of the products of the Philippine Islands is hemp, from which rope and other things are made. The plant resembles a banana plant. The natives call the plant abaca. The leaves, which are very thick, fold close about the flower, and do not spread until they are eight feet high. Then they suddenly open into great fans. The plant is then cut. If allowed to go to seed, it is injured. The abaca takes three years to reach the flowering stage. It flourishes best in a hilly country, and there the plantations are. The natives often work the plantations on shares instead of being hired to work for wages.

When the stalks are cut, the leaf is separated into layers. By the use of a knife worked by a pedal the pulp is scraped from the fiber of the leaf, and this is dried and packed in bales. If the planter does not own his own boats, the workmen arrange the bales at either end of a pole and carry them to the agent of the buyer instead of sending them direct to Manila. Abaca, or hemp, is graded on its color; there are four grades. The natives make from the finest grades a beautiful textile which is as fine as silk, and of this they make garments. They

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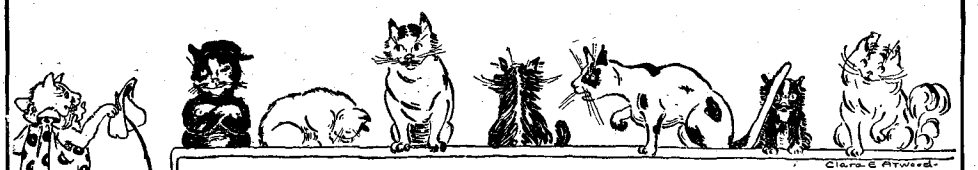

A Cat Convention

By Edna A. Foster

A Congress was held in Great Catkin Town,
And all the kitties of wealth and renown
Met to consider the mission of cats
As something more than the killing of rats.
The lawyer declared, in a long-winded speech,
That the very habits of cats should teach
They were born for orators firm and true:
You may hear them argue the whole night through.
They turned the discussion this way and that,
With an eloquent plea from every cat.
Only one admitted that he could live
For love alone, and his hours would give
To graceful posing on hearth-rug and chair.
Then the clown spoke up and said, "I despair—
This weighty question I move to give up;
My feelings warn me 'tis time to sup:
And so, with apologies, friends, to you,
I think I'll prowl round for a *mouse or two!*"
Be it said with sorrow, the President then
Gave a wee wink and said, "My dear men,
I much regret the way things have turned;
This Cat Convention is hereby adjourned!"

also make the coarse fiber into sailcloth. It is used in making hammocks and mattings, as well as rope and twine. Some of the fiber is so fine that it is believed other uses will be found for it, such as fine textiles for dress goods and fine hats. The scientific name for hemp is "musa textilus."

Did the Indian Do It?

That Indian had stood for years outside of the cigar-store holding out his bunch of cigars—whether offering them for sale or as a gift he never explained. This may have been one reason why they remained there. The Indian gazed out across the street at the row of tenement-houses, perhaps at times seeing plains and tepees, wild buffaloes, and his brother warriors. No doubt the children imitated the war-whoop so well that his imagination must have supplied all the accessories of the war-whoop. Perhaps this was a wooden-headed Indian, one who looked stupidly and saw things just as they are. If this is so, he never tugged at his chains to get away; for he was firmly chained to the iron railing in front of the store. One day a horse took fright at the other end of the block. Down the street he came, with the carriage behind him threatening every minute to go over. The horse ran on the sidewalk, his check-rein hanging in a loop at the side of his head. As the horse passed the Indian, standing unmoved with extended arm, he was caught by his check, and brought to a sudden stop. The Indian held the check-rein over his outstretched arm, and when it was taken off, and the horse and carriage taken to the street where they belonged and driven off, the Indian never turned his head, but calmly offered his bunch of cigars to the passers-by. Perhaps this is because he was a wooden Indian.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Alice and Tom. By Kate Louise Brown. (Illustrated.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 212 pages. 40c.

Giving nature lessons in the form of stories based on the experiences of two children guided to a familiarity with the world about them by a wise mother and teacher is a new and, in "Alice and Tom," a successful method of teaching. The selections from the poets, which are carefully made, add to the interest of the book as well as its value.

Choice of Books, The. By Charles F. Richardson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 208 pages.

A sensible, practical, well-arranged discussion of the whole question as to what books to read and how to read them to the best advantage, with hints on poetry, the cultivation of taste, the use of translations, the use of note-books, and other topics germane to the general treatment. Professor Richardson has evidently tried to deal with his subject in such a way as to be of practical service to his readers; and his book will be found helpful because of its simplicity, its good sense, and its suggestiveness.

Earthwork Out of Tuscany. Being Impressions and Translations of Maurice Hewlett, with Illustrations by James Kerr Lawson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 234 pages. $2.50.

A new edition, with illustrations by James Kerr Lawson, of Maurice Hewlett's sympathetic and poetic interpretation of the art life of the Renaissance in Italy. The illustrations are mainly in photogravure, and the book is bound with elegance and dignity, as it ought to be.

Expansion of the British Empire, 1500-1870, A Short History of the. By William Harrison Woodward. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 326 pages.

It seems almost incredible that in a single volume the history of the British Empire, from the beginning of the sixteenth century up to the present day, could be told with so much color as well as conciseness. Such a text would admirably precede the reading of the works of Captain Mahan or of the late Sir John Seeley, for instance. A feature of patent practical value is the inclusion of a table of the various British possessions giving dates and character of acquisitions as well as the character of the present governments.

First Principles in Politics. By William Samuel Lilly. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 322 pages. $2.50.

Mr. Lilly's position is in general accord with that set forth in Mr. Lecky's volume on "Democracy and Liberty." He abhors the "false democracy" which rests upon "the manifest sophism of the equivalence of all men in the body politic." Only so far as men are equal are they entitled to equal shares of political power. In the ascendency of a false democracy the United States has gone to the bad, and England is going. To prove this as to the United States, Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" is judiciously quoted; that is, what Mr. Bryce says on the other side is ignored. Mr. Lilly is undoubtedly right in regarding the moral temper of the times as anarchical in the field of politics, and as needing to realize the moral foundations of the State as an ethical entity, "the realized order of right." These he has shown lucidly and forcibly. His deductions and practical conclusions on a variety of points, as education, penology, and the regulation of certain vices, will meet with considerable dissent. Those who look to the State for "the transformation of the existing order of rights in the interest of the suffering working classes" will find him favorable to the effort as "an antidote to Socialism." Mr. Lilly is an aristocrat, but more of a Socialist than many "democrats."

France, The Story of. By Thomas E. Watson. Vol. II. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 1,076 pages. $2.50.

Highways and Byways in Yorkshire. By Arthur H. Norway. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thomson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 384 pages. $2.

This volume belongs in a fascinating series of books, and is likely to remain one of the most interesting of the group, because it describes a country so rich in scenery, history, and architectural interest. Mr. Norway knows the ground thoroughly, has passed over it with the leisurely step of a trained observer bent upon getting the atmosphere as well as the outline, and has made his record in a familiar, informal, and intimate way, as such a record ought to be made. The illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thomson are of distinct value.

Irrigation and Drainage. By F. H. King. (The Rural Science Series.) (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 502 pages. $1.50.

The Professor of Agricultural Physics in the University of Wisconsin discusses the subject from its cultural phases, and not from the standpoint of an engineer. He avoids distinctively technical principles and problems, giving instead a practical presentation of the relation of water and soils to plants, and incidentally giving evidence of his careful inspection of the irrigation practices of both humid and arid climates in Europe and this country.

Irving, Sir Henry: A Record and Review. By Charles Hiatt. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 282 pages. $3.

This volume is quite unpretentious; at the same time it is thorough in the way in which

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it covers the biography and stage history of the great actor. The illustrations are very numerous, and include many from photographs, drawings, and caricatures with which the general public is not familiar. Admirers of Irving and lovers of the stage will find that these pictures alone make the book worth having. There is not much attempt at careful criticism.

Matthew: The Genesis of the New Testament. By the Rev. Henry G. Weston, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7 in. 75c.

In this brief exposition of the spiritual aim of the first Gospel the venerable author shows how "it conducts us from the position of the Old Covenant to that of the New, expounds the place and purpose of the Old Dispensation, declares the principles and methods of the Christian Dispensation, showing at every step their accord with the Old Testament."

Nationality in the United States, Growth of. By John Bascom. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×7½ in. 213 pages. $1.25.

Keen moral insight, strong common sense, and deep public spirit characterize this volume. There is, we think, no history of the United States that brings out so clearly so many judicial decisions by which our constitutional development has been shaped, yet the review of these decisions invariably holds the attention of the lay reader by keeping constantly in view the social and moral issues involved. The three main divisions of the work are the conflicts between sections, the conflicts between the various departments of the Government, and the increasingly important conflicts between classes. The last portion of the book is particularly valuable, for in such matters as the relation of the public to the railroads it illuminates the course of public sentiment and judicial decisions down to the present year. Though the volume is in form a history, it is particularly commended to the students of the problems of to-day.

One Year of Sunday-School Lessons for Young Children. A Manual for Teachers and Parents. By Florence U. Palmer. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×8 in. 226 pages. $1.

The author of this delightful series of lessons is to be congratulated on the principle of selection she has followed with such success. Each lesson is based on a story from the Bible. It is told in language within the comprehension of a child. The Bible references, introduced to make it necessary for the child to use the Bible, are selected with great care and discrimination. Each lesson stands by itself, with no connection with the lesson preceding or following it. The book will be of special value to mothers who prefer teaching their own children.

Proverbs, The. Edited by Ven. T. T. Perowne, B.D. (The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. General Editor, A. F. Kirkpatrick, D.D.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 196 pages. 75c.

A volume of the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, useful especially to the lay student; but it appears to us that the author is too anxious to show that the Hebrew proverbs must have a spiritual meaning because they are found in the Bible.

Pope's Iliad of Homer. Books I., VI., XXII., and XXIV. (Heath's English Classics.) Edited by Paul Shorey, Ph.D. (Illustrated.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 142 pages. 35c.

The special value of this little book lies in the introduction and notes, which are furnished by Professor Paul Shorey, who brings to such a task as this not only thorough classical knowledge, but, what is much rarer, true literary insight and a delightful gift of exposition.

Prisoners of the Tower of London. By Violet Brooke-Hunt. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 347 pages. $2.50.

An attractively made book of a purely popular kind, presenting the stories of the representative men and women who from time to time were sent to the Tower, and who rarely returned from it. These little sketches are taken, the writer tells us, so far as facts are concerned, from a long list of chroniclers and historians, and from special works on the Tower. The chapters are interestingly written.

Rational Marriage, A. By Florence Marryat. F. M. Buckles & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 296 pages. $1.25.

The heroine, an independent, self-supporting English girl, believes that marriage kills love. She scorns both. At last she falls in love with a newspaper writer, and marries him after both sign a contract not to interfere with each other's movements or friends. The folly of the marriage under such conditions is apparent at once. The story has the merit of plausibility, though so impossible.

Recollections, 1832–1886. By the Right Honorable Sir Algernon West, K.C.B. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 442 pages. $3.

Since Mr. Russell's "Collections and Recollections" no more entertaining volume of reminiscences and personal anecdote has been published. Perhaps Mr. Russell's book contained a greater proportion of quite new stories, but to say this is really no disparagement of the present work, as "Collections and Recollections" was certainly extraordinary if not unique in that particular. Some parts of the present book were first printed in the "Nineteenth Century," and there met with a cordial reception from the reading public. Sir Algernon's recollections reach back to 1840, and many incidents and stories prior to that date, which came to him through family and personal tradition, are included. He knew well the London club, political, and literary life; and it is a subject for congratulation that his observations and anecdotes have been put into form for permanent preservation and general enjoyment.

Rome, Destruction of Ancient, The. By Rodolfo Lanciani, D.C.L., LL.D. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 279 pages. $2.

Twelve years ago Professor Lanciani published "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," a volume which drew to him the attention of the entire civilized world. Seven years ago he published "Pagan and Christian Rome," and three years ago "Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome." His present volume is the forerunner of a larger work in several volumes, to be printed in Italian under

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the title of "Storia degli Scavi di Roma." This work will undoubtedly be the author's masterpiece, and will emphasize the fame which he has already acquired as the highest authority on all subjects relating to the archæology of Ancient Rome. Signor Lanciani's latest volume is not only a contribution to archæology, but also to history; it is especially illuminative regarding the various incursions of barbarians and others into the Eternal City, the sacking of Rome in 410 by the Goths, in 455 by the Vandals, in 846 by the Saracens, in 1084 by Robert Guiscard, and in 1527 by Charles de Bourbon.

Savrola. By Winston Spencer Churchill. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 345 pages. $1.25.

Shakespeare, The Works of. Edited by C. H. Herford, Litt.D., Hon. Litt.D. (Vict.). The Eversley Edition. Vol. X. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×7 in. $1.50.

The concluding volume in the Eversley Edition of the works of Shakespeare; an edition of moderate cost, but admirably adapted in every way for the library. The volumes are comfortable in size and weight, the type large and clear, the binding simple and tasteful.

Signorelli, Luca. By Maud Cruttwell. (Illustrated.) (The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 144 pages. $1.75.

Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and Other Literary Estimates. By Frederic Harrison. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 302 pages. $2.

A volume of fourteen essays which were written as a series of systematic estimates, Mr. Harrison tells us, of some of the leading influences on the thought of our time. This volume will receive more extended comment.

Thackeray, W. M.: Unidentified Contributions to "Punch." A Complete and Authoritative Bibliography from 1843 to 1848. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 349 pages. $1.75.

This volume is uniform with the previous volumes in the autobiographical edition of the works of Thackeray. Its editor, Mr. Spielmann, the author of "The History of 'Punch,'" has made what appears to be a complete and definitive collection of all the contributions to that journal made by Thackeray and hitherto unidentified. Thackeray's contributions to "Punch" extended over a period of nine years, and that journal printed some of his most characteristic sketches, together with ballads and verses which show the hand of the humorist at his best. The little poem "Kitchen Melodies: Curry," is worth reprinting. It loses, however, by being separated from the illustration of a very fat cook with a monstrous gridiron which prefaces it:

Three pounds of veal my darling girl prepares,
And chops it nicely into little squares;
Five onions next procures the little minx,
(The biggest are the best, her Samivel thinks,)
And Epping butter nearly half a pound,
And stews them in a pan until they're brown'd.
What's next my dexterous little girl will do?
She pops the meat into the savory stew,
With curry powder tablespoonsful three,
And milk a pint (the richest that may be);
And when the dish has stewed for half an hour,
A lemon's ready juice she'll o'er it pour:
Then, bless her, then she gives the luscious pot
A very gentle boil—and serves quite hot.
P. S. Beef, mutton, rabbit if you wish;
Lobster or prawns or any kind of fish,
Are fit to make a curry. 'Tis, when done,
A dish for Emperors to feed upon.

Villette. By Charlotte Brontë. Introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Illustrated.) (The Haworth Edition.) Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 594 pages. $1.75.

Wheat Problem, The. By Sir William Crookes, F.R.S. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×7½ in. 272 pages. $1.25.

This volume is based on the author's address as President of the British Association in 1898, and contains his answers to various criticisms. This address, which predicted an inadequate wheat supply until chemistry shall come to the relief of agriculture and avert the threatened famine, was naturally the object of criticism from nearly all who have watched the fall in the price of wheat during the past twenty-five years. Particularly hostile was the criticism that came from Mr. Edward Atkinson, who had attributed the cutting in two of the price of wheat entirely to the increasing supply and diminishing cost of production. Naturally, therefore, Sir William Crookes begins his defense with a review of Mr. Atkinson's claims. In the contest between these two antagonists both are badly wounded. The President of the British Association cites in his own support Mr. C. Wood Davis, of Peotone, Kansas, and John Hyde, the chief statistician of the Department of Agriculture at Washington; but Mr. Davis's testimony is somewhat discredited by his attack of gambling in futures as the cause of low prices for grain, while Mr. Hyde's valuable articles go little further than to bring out sharply the fact that population in this country is increasing much more rapidly than the area of arable land can increase. The natural conclusion of the reader is that Sir William Crookes has not established his own position, but has contributed to popular knowledge by exposing the weakness of the position occupied by those who have filled the press with exaggerations of the increase in the supply of farm products.

Yangtze Valley and Beyond. By Isabella Bird Bishop. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 2 vols. 5½×8½ in. $6.

Now that Great Britain insists upon the recognition of the Yangtse Valley as her particular sphere of influence in China, Mrs. Bishop's two volumes are of peculiar interest to all English and American readers. In any event, however, they would be interesting. Most of the author's peregrinations were in the province of Szechuan, and we find, especially in the narration of unfamiliar experiences, the same charm which characterized her similar work on "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan." A second value of the volume, however, is its significance as confirming the conclusions reached by the authors of those important recent publications looking to the future of Chinese commerce, Mr. Colquhoun's "China in Transformation" and Lord Charles Beresford's "The Break-up of China." There are over a hundred illustrations from photographs taken by Mrs. Bishop, which greatly add to the volume's entertainment and instruction.

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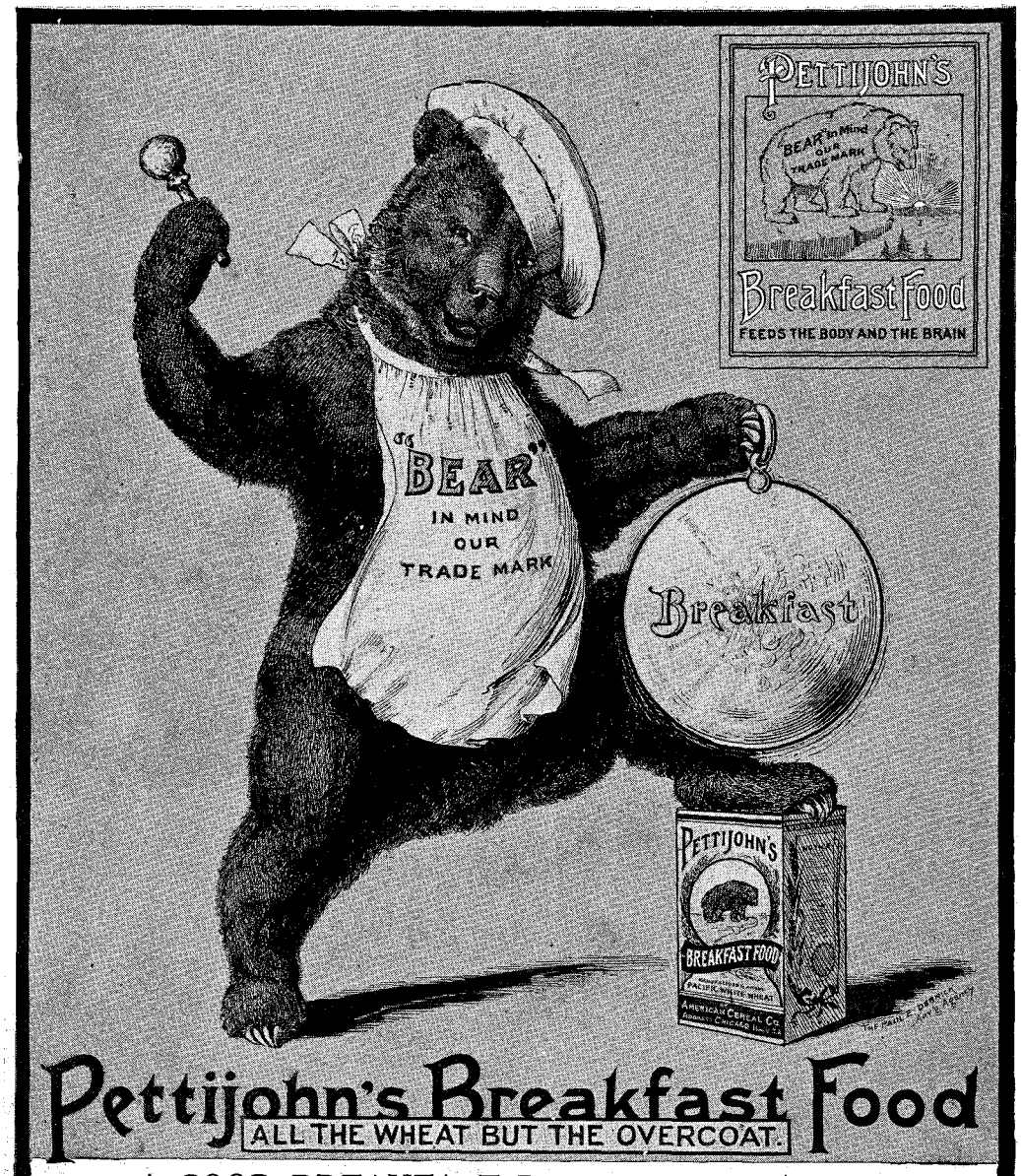

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